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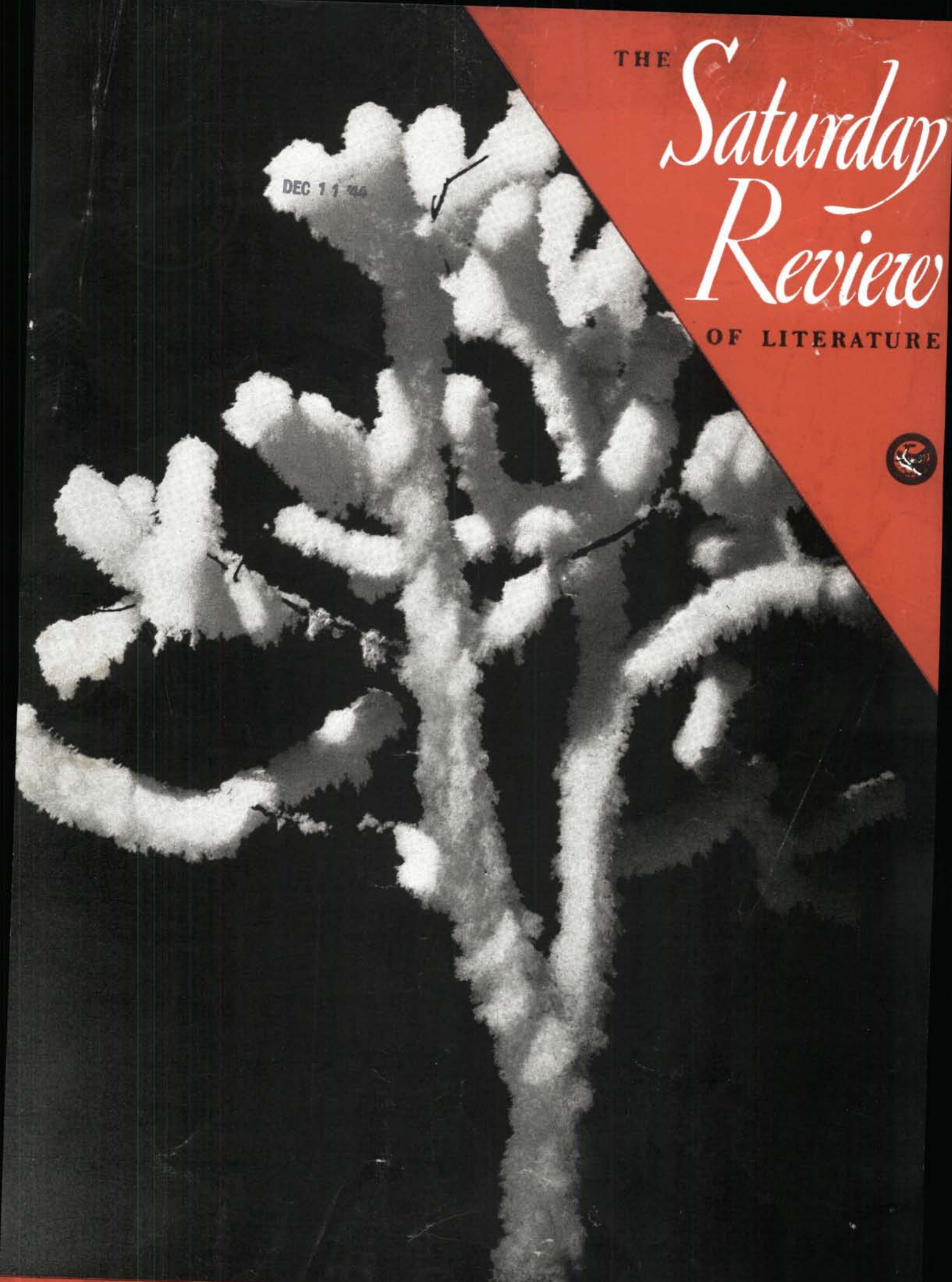

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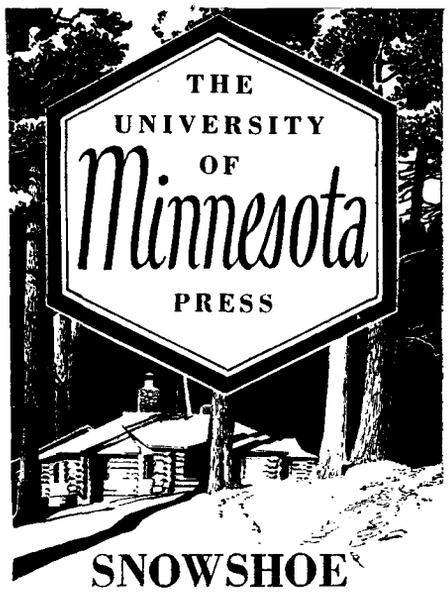

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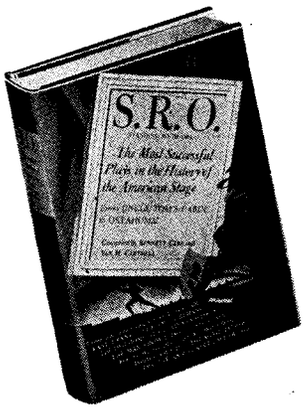
GIFT TIPS FOR READERS OF THE *Saturday Review*



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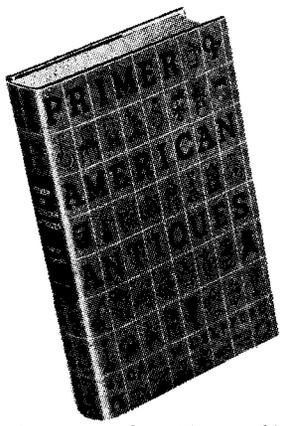

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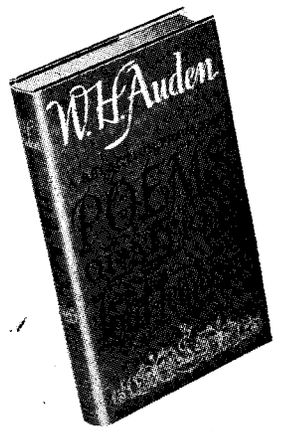

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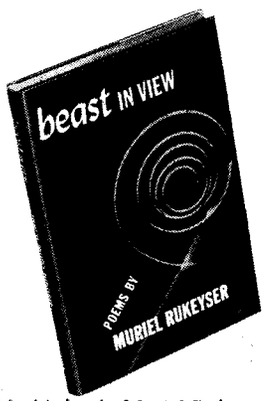

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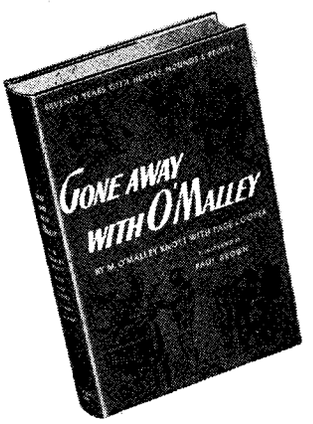

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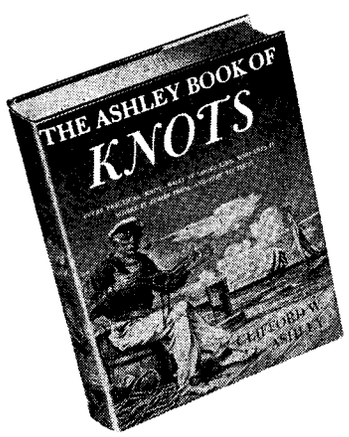

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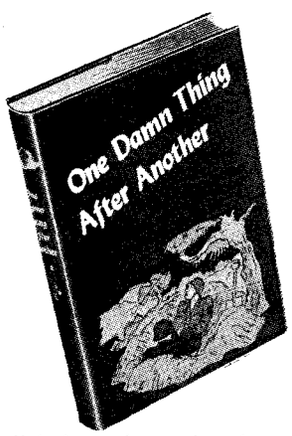

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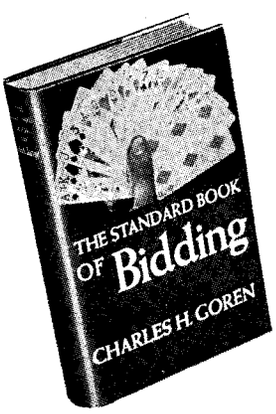

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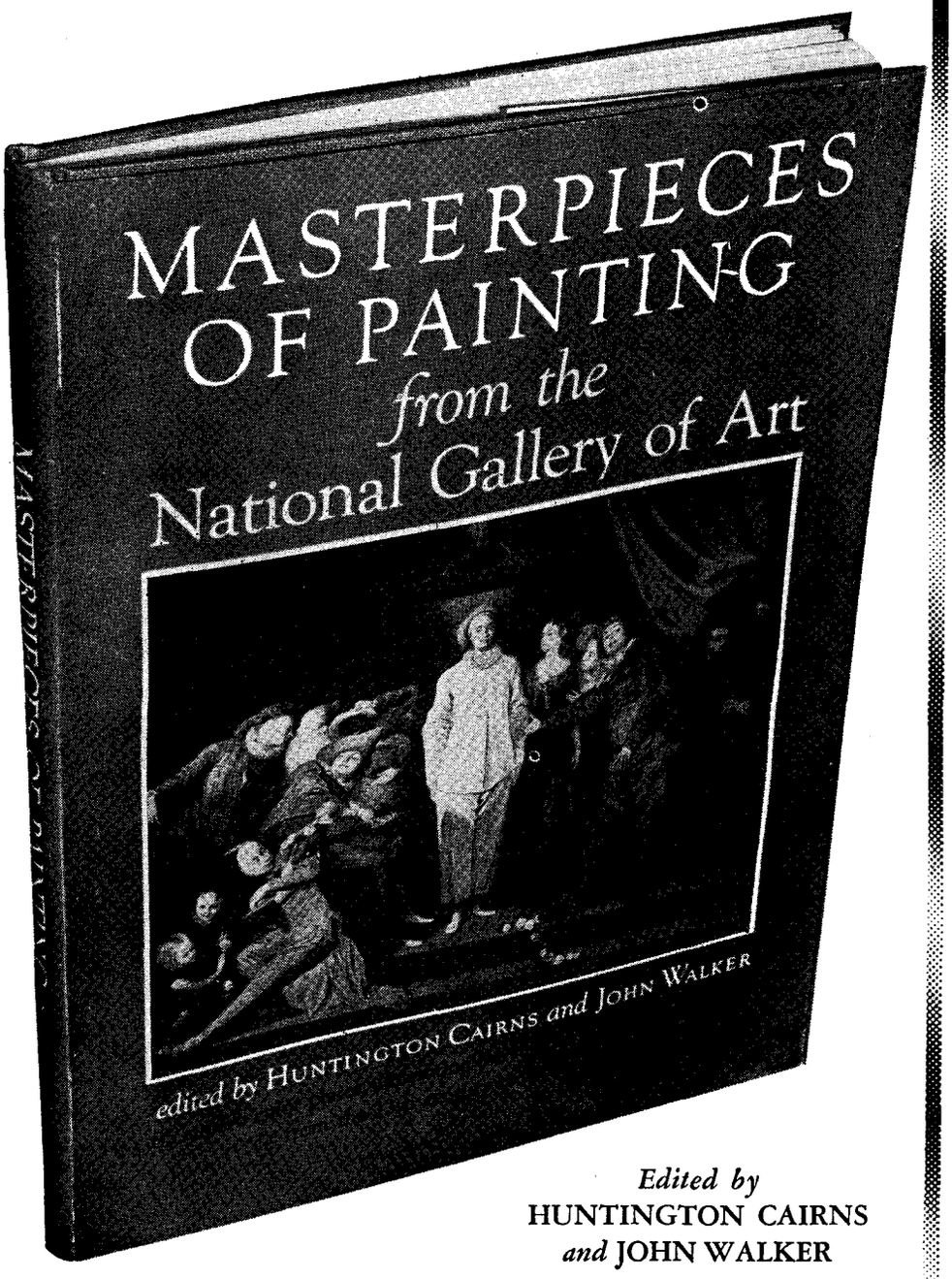

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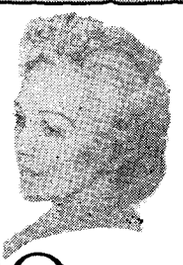

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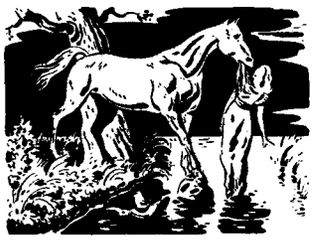
The story of a book that became a legend

ABOUT seven years ago a woman who loved dogs and horses wrote a wonderful novel which has had an amazing career. Published originally at $15 in a limited edition of only 750, it sold out to the very last copy and became a rare and prized collector's item. So difficult did it become to get a copy that when we decided, because of unceasing pressure, to do a regular trade edition, there wasn't a single one to be had anywhere. People who had copies were holding on to them! We searched and searched, then advertised for it, and finally located a very battered old copy for which we had to pay $25. It was from this second-hand copy that we set type for our edition.

The original publication was to be early this year. In fact, a large advertisement announcing its publication appeared, you may remember, in THE N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW. But just before its release date, THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL bought the serial rights at a startling price—an event that was more than surprising since the book, after all, *was* seven years old and the JOURNAL is a magazine that does not usually buy serial rights *after* a book has been published. The serial, by the way, began in the September issue, and will not be completed by the time the book is published.

As you can see from this brief history, THE BOLINVARS is a novel with a distinguished past and an exciting future.

Ranging back to the great romantic tradition of story-telling, and with a special quality which is wholly its own, this extraordinary novel is written in the bright colors of the morning and to the music of hunting horn and hounds on the trace. It is the story of two cousins—Devereux Bolinvar of Lowmount, near Sor'land Mountain in New Jersey, and Bois Hugo Bolinvar of Loudoun County, Virginia. It is also the story of Nellie Farleigh, who loved Bois Hugo and whom he loved but would not marry, of the Duke of Hovon, of the great horses Rupert, Agrippa and Tirade, and of the hounds Lead and Faust and Fatal and Trackless and the others. It is, too, the story of the mystery that clouded Bois Hugo's past, and how it came to be resolved.



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The Return to the Grand Manner

"An Heroic Age Calls for Heroic Expression"

DOROTHY THOMPSON

THESE comments are prompted by an observation which I made to myself on reading Russell Davenport's "My Country"; namely, that five years ago Mr. Davenport would not have written it, and that five years ago the critics would have rent it to ribbons, as "overwritten," "hortatory," and "bombastic." That observation would be coupled with the fact that this work, a poem, of all things, is selling at the rate of 2000 copies a week, and being devoured by students, workers, and business men, who read it, as I did, with tears suffusing their eyes, and a great well of gratitude rising in their hearts.

There are other things going on worthy of observation. At the opening of the Salon D'Automne in Paris, after the liberation, young Parisian artists screamed against Picasso's paintings, "Explain! Explain!" What was it that they wanted that great artist to explain? Obviously, it seems to me, why, after the agony of France, he should go on painting as he had done before. Guernica was a break; an attempt of the modern genius to depict on canvas a terrible expression of the face of life. But Picasso came back to a people whose inner as well as outer lives had been uprooted through terrible griefs and fears with the same esoteric brilliance of his pre-war and pre-occupation days. And it was inadequate.

If I may take another illustration from outside the realm of art, I myself delivered a speech in the recent campaign which was, as the saying is, a sensation. I believe that it elicited demands for more than half a million copies and that the demand is still not exhausted. Yet I could not, and would not, have made that speech five years ago. What moved people, and apparently profoundly, was not the first part of it, which was as factual as a lawyer's brief, and reasonable and truthful I hope, but the latter part, which was the expression of a profound and sincere emotion about a weary and overburdened man, and many weary, overburdened, and suffering people. I "dared"—and, upon

Mr. Churchill's speeches have the aroma of the time of England's greatest grandeur.

reflection, it took daring, though I was not conscious of it at the time—to use that form of expression which used to be called "oratory," and which has been all but banned from the platform and the microphone for nearly a full generation.

If we cast our eyes upon the Soviet Union we can observe similar things going on. Under the siege of Leningrad, Shostakovitch wrote his seventh symphony, which has since then become one of the most powerful expressions in art of the war, not only for Russians, but for all the peoples of the United Nations. Yet this symphony, so expressive of our age, records a return to the traditional, the emotional, and the "grand line."

IN the dreadful, titanic, searing experience of invasion and struggle, death and destruction, the purely intellectual structure which the early communist leaders attempted to put under the new state has proved utterly inadequate. Russia has resurrected heroes, many of them anathema to Marx, many of them anathema in the schoolbooks on which a whole generation of Russian youth has been reared. It will be recalled from the "Diary of a Russian School-boy" that he expressed himself as "spitting on those old Czars" from, as I recall it, a then non-existent twentieth story. Yet today Peter the Great, Ivan IV, and Catherine the Great are all, again, national heroes, greatly to the concern of many of our own radicals. One may share their concern lest these resurrections from the past lead to reaction. But they record again a hunger after the grand, the large, the sense of timeless continuity and historical destiny, without which the agonies of the present would be unendurable.

These illustrations, which I take casually from what is closest at hand, are symptoms of fundamental change. They will be decried by many left-wingers, as signs of retrogression. But these very people display in their own attitudes a curious contradiction. On the one hand, they are working for a "People's Democracy," for a wider participation of the masses in all phases of our social and economic life. At the same time, they cling to those very expressions of art that never have had, and never can have, any mass response. Actually art has never been so divorced from the life of the masses of the people as in the last generation. Poets have written poetry for other poets, painters have painted pictures for other painters—and for dealers—and the art of the people has been swing adaptations of great musical themes—and the comics and the movies.

It is odd that the most esoteric art has called itself "revolutionary." It has never been revolutionary but for the most part epicene, introverted, and, at most, rebellious—though rebellion and revolution are not the same thing, by any manner of means. Gertrude Stein has never written a revolutionary poem, because nothing ever written by her could move a heart or quicken any but an esoteric mind. All revolutionary art abandons art for art's sake and makes art for Life's sake. The art called radical by the radicals is actually sterile, stripped of the very essence of art.

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Dmitri Shostakovitch symbolizes the grand manner in the symphony.

It has been clever, expert, intellectual, decorative, small, and ivory tower. It has scorned the grand line; it has shrunk away from virility; it has shivered away with snooty distaste from every great theme—"the dancing stars, the daedal earth, heaven, and the giant wars, and life, and death, and birth." It has refused to makes a yes a yes, and a no a no.

The revolt against the intellectual and the "intelligensia," among whom has been included the artist, has been a striking feature of the counter-revolutionary movements of our days, a leading aspect of fascism. The intellectual and the artist have cried loudly, and pointed scornful fingers. But they should rather have examined themselves. The reactionary hatred toward them of the masses is the hatred felt toward those who cut from underneath man the props of his faith. Life is hard, bitterly hard, and Death is harder and more bitter. The world is an inferno, in which eyeless, heartless, soulless robots consume in shattering explosions the household, the shrine, the photographs of one's mother, and the body of a living child. A man, so young that life sings in his veins like wine, his eyes fixed in the wary stare of the offensive, is a silhouette and a flame and is no more at all. Grief presses a stone upon millions of hearts, as millions of Rachels weep for their lost sons. Who shall interpret our experience to ourselves, if it be not the artist, the poet, the seer? Shall he tell a mother that her son is a nicely balanced compound of chemical substances? Or that Religion is an Opiate of the People? Or that three green apples contain the universe?

The patter of the salons and the literary teas; the expertise of the guides in the galleries, explaining in tones superiorly modulated the psychoanalytic meanings of an esoteric work, the psychologists, toting up Man in statistically noted reactions, and spread over all the anodyne—the true Opiate of the People—commercialized movies, peppy radio programs, boogie-woogie music—all combine to bury the soul deeper than the deepest shell-hole, and tell mankind that the meaning of his agony is meaningless.

All great art speaks to the soul and tells man of his grandeur. All great art is purgative and releasing. It is eyes for eyes that see not, and a tongue for those who speak not. Throughout the ages the affirmation to the artist has been "That is what I saw but did not see; that is what I felt but could not say." Whitman—"overblown, bombastic"—said, of poetry, and the function of the poet in America:

> The poems distilled from other poems will pass away. The expectation of the vital and the great can only be satisfied by the demeanor of the vital and the great. . . . The soul of the proudest nation may go half-way to meet that of its poets. . . . The proof of the poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it.

And he said, too:

> The direct trial of him who would be the greatest poet is today. If he does not flood himself with his immediate age as with vast oceanic tides . . . if he does not attract his own land body and soul to himself and hang on its neck with incomparable love . . . and if he be not himself his age transfigured . . . let him merge in the general run and await his development.

And:

> Whatever satisfied the soul is truth. The prudence of the greatest poet answers at last the craving and glut of the soul. . . . The soul has never been once fooled and never can be fooled.

And:

> The greatest poet forms the consistence of what is to be from what has been and what is. He drags the dead out of their coffins and stands them again on their feet . . . he says to the past, Rise and walk before me that I may realize you. He learns the lesson. He places himself where the past becomes the present.

The whole of this remarkable essay should be read again—the Introduction to the 1857 edition of "Leaves of Grass"—to find an exposition of the nature of really revolutionary art. It is revolutionary of life, not of itself.

It does not withdraw itself from life or the people, but fortifies itself through them. Nor does it descend to the people to give them what it thinks they want, nor cheapen itself in their behalf, but speaks to them in the noblest language it can command, saying, as it were, I will be as great before you as I have it in me to be great, because I am of you and respect you.

Russell Davenport's poem is selling at the rate of 2000 a week.

And at all times the Grand Line attracts the masses, unless they have been utterly corrupted by sugary anodynes. A People's Art was on the walls of the cathedrals of the High Middle Ages, and in their stones, for it was an art glorifying God and Man in God, and it obtained a response of gratitude, reverence, love, and awe. It depicted people as they are, but with the sublimation of something over and above, something transcendental—something they could be. The grand line inspires to aspiration.

THE speeches of Churchill in "England's darkest hour" recapture the sonorous line; the rhythm of the King James version, the aroma of the time of England's greatest grandeur. An heroic age calls for an heroic expression.

Everywhere there is a hunger of the people to know what it is they live by, and a yearning, however unconscious, for a vision of the future. When the President delivered his Boston speech, which was full of sharp and witty remarks, the great crowd assembled in the open air, laughed, and responded with quick appreciation. But at the end of his speech he changed his tone, and spoke with clear fervor of the American past and future.

> Peace [he said], no less than war, must offer a spirit of comradeship, achievement, unselfishness, and an indomitable will to victory.
>
> We in this country, for generations, have waged war against the wilderness, against the mountains and the rivers, against droughts and storms, against oppression and in-

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tolerance, against poverty, against disease. . . .

I say we must wage the coming battle for America and for civilization on a scale worthy of the way we have waged this war against tyranny and reaction, and wage it through all the difficulties and disappointments that may ever clog the wheels of progress. . . .

I say we must wage a peace to attract the highest hearts, the most competent hands, and brains.

That is the conception I have of the meaning of total victory. . . . And that conception is founded on Faith—Faith in the unlimited destiny, the unconquerable spirit, of the United States of America.

An eye-witness told me that through this passage, this testimony of utter faith, and this picture of the great Battle for Civilization to be waged in peace, the people stood in spellbound silence looking up at the President with rapt attention, and at the end the applause was a roar. Why? Because in that moment the President had spoken for them what they wanted, and needed, to hear—what they needed to fill the spiritual vacuum which thirty years of cynicism and four years of most terrible war had blasted in their lives. And he spoke in the grand manner, not in a fireside talk or report, but to a living community of men and women, reaching out to each other, unconsciously, groping out to each other, and to him, for comfort and sustenance.

The age through which we fight in so much sweat and blood and tears will either be terribly and beautifully great or terribly and dreadfully disillusioned. It will produce the poets and the artists who hang upon its neck with incomparable love, or it will produce another lost generation of broken and cynical men. The challenge to the gifted, to the genius, to the re-creator was never so great. The stature and dimensions of the age, with all its griefs and fears, demand the artists who can embrace them in full, yet disciplined, emotion. "The coward will surely pass away. It is not intellect that is to be the poet's warrant and welcome. . . . The swarms of the polished, deprecating, and polite float off and leave no remembrance. Only toward as good as itself, and toward the like of itself, will the nation advance half way."

America will have a renaissance in all the forms of art, or her artists and intellectuals will have proved unworthy of her.

Then let them beware.

For where the poets and artists prove unworthy and without understanding of the state of the nation's soul they are destroyed out of an unconscious sense of betrayal, and in their destruction is the threat of the destruction of the nation itself.

Balancing the Books for 1944

An Accounting of Literary Debits and Credits

AMY LOVEMAN

PSYCHOLOGISTS, perhaps, rather than literary historians will have to determine why it is that in a year in which the war and postwar problems have taken first place in the interests of the reading public the book which has dwarfed all others in popularity as 1944 sweeps to its close is a historical novel. Kathleen Winsor's "Forever Amber" (Macmillan), long, bawdy, repetitious, a tale of the Restoration period, realistic in background and romantic in atmosphere, is meretricious romance and synthetic history, but its sales are already mounting to fantastic figures. How much of its wide circulation is due to advertising, how much to a desire to escape from the realities of the

present by immersion in the past, and how much to the lure of its preoccupation with sex is difficult to assess. Undoubtedly all three factors enter into its runaway popularity at a time when fiction is at a low ebb so far as distinction goes and when the general concern is with books of a different sort. For there is no doubt that during the past twelve months the war and the problems connected with it have preëminently engrossed the minds of American readers.

No war in history has been covered so completely as is the present struggle. Every sector of the battle arenas, every phase of action has had its reporter and commentator. The outstanding characteristic, perhaps, of this mass of literature is its sobriety. There is nothing of that romantic attitude toward combat which the First World War still elicited; war has been completely stripped of glamor and though the heroism and the devotion of the men who are carrying on the conflict are implicit in every page of the records of their activities there is no attempt at romanticizing or sentimentalizing their deeds. Such books as Ernie Pyle's "Brave Men" (Holt), Jack Belden's "Still Time to Die" (Harpers), Robert Tregaskis's "Invasion Diary" (Random House), and Robert Sherrod's "Tarawa" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), to single out a quartet of the most outstanding, convey the agony and tragic magnificence of battle through their factual accounts and not through any attempt to invest them with emotional content.

Mr. Pyle is unique in his preoccupation with the enlisted men whose reactions he observes with understanding and reflects with fidelity. Mr. Belden not only depicts the warfare in various sectors, China, North Africa, Italy, but, reflecting, if not in tranquillity, in the enforced quietude of a hospital bed, on the psychological aspects of combat, presents a brilliant essay on the rationale of men at war. Mr. Tregaskis, wounded like Mr. Belden in the course of his duties as correspondent, portrays not only the incidents of the action in which he participated but the incidence of injury on its victim. Mr. Sherrod writes with a complete objectiveness that is more effective than any rhetorical portrayal could be of one of the most harrowing episodes of the Pacific warfare. Differing in kind from the foregoing, but no less sincere, no less iluminating, and more artistic as literature than any of them is John Mason Brown's "Many a Watchful Night" (Whittlesey House) which distils through the alembic of its compassionate understanding the spirit of the fighting men in their days of waiting as well as in their hour of action.

To this group of battlefront records many more can be added. To choose almost at random among them, note should be made of Leland Stowe's "They Shall Not Sleep" (Knopf), with its pictures of Russia, China, and Burma at war; Quentin Reynolds's "The Curtain Rises" (Random House), containing in particular an account of American engineers at work in Iran; Margaret Bourke-White's "They Called It 'Purple Heart Valley'" (Simon & Schuster), in which magnificent photographs accompany a spirited account of the fighting in Italy; Hassoldt Davis's record of Free French activities in Africa, "Half Past When" (Lippincott); Griffith Bailey Coale's "Victory at Midway" (Farrar & Rinehart), an artist's portrayal of the war with accompanying narrative; A. J.

(*Continued on page* 14)

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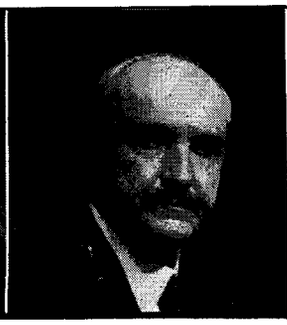
S.R.L.'s Cover and Feature Books of 1944

SINCE *the beginning of 1944, thirty-four authors appeared on the covers of* The Saturday Review. *Some dozen other authors were given feature review treatment in special issues with special covers, such as the Annual Education Number, or the Spring or Fall or Christmas Numbers. Authors of books given cover or feature treatment during the year are shown in the panels below. Wood engravings are by Frances O'Brien Garfield,* Saturday Review *staff artist.*

JANUARY 1

KONSTANTIN SIMONOV
No Quarter on Russia's Fighting Lines

JANUARY 8



GEORGE SANTAYANA
Persons and Places

JANUARY 15

HOWARD ODUM
Race and Rumors of Race

JANUARY 22

E. R. STETTINIUS, JR.
Lend Lease: Weapon for Victory

JANUARY 29

LELAND STOWE
They Shall Not Sleep Tonight

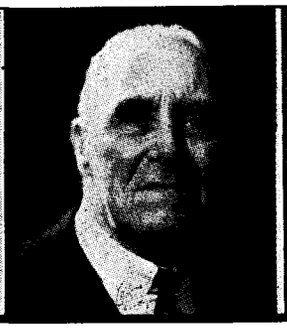
FEBRUARY 5

KONRAD HEIDEN
Der Fuehrer

FEBRUARY 12

ROBERT BRIGHT
The Life and Death of Little Jo

MARCH 4



LORD WEDGWOOD
Testament to Democracy

MARCH 11

EDUARDO MALLEA
The Bay of Silence

MARCH 18

CARL BECKER
How New Will the Better World Be?

MARCH 25

HERVEY ALLEN
Bedford Village

APRIL 1

WANDA WASILEWSKA
The Rainbow

APRIL 8

C. S. LEWIS
Perelandra

APRIL 15

BERNARD DEVOTO
The Literary Fallacy

APRIL 15

SALVADOR DALI
Prevue of Hidden Faces

APRIL 22

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
The Razor's Edge

APRIL 29

THEODORE SPENCER
An Act of Life

MAY 6

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN
Yankee from Olympus

MAY 13

JOSEPH C. GREW
Ten Years in Japan

MAY 20

The Condition of Man
LEWIS MUMFORD

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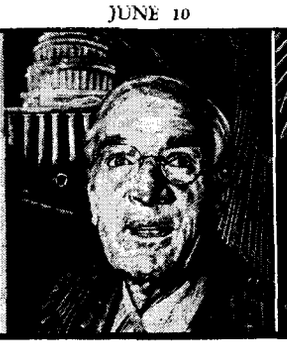
MAY 27

HERBERT MORRISON
Prospects and Policies

JUNE 3

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
America

JUNE 10



UPTON SINCLAIR
Presidential Agent

JUNE 17

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Ideas in America

JUNE 24

THOMAS MANN
Joseph the Provider

JULY 1

HARRY BROWN
A Walk in the Sun

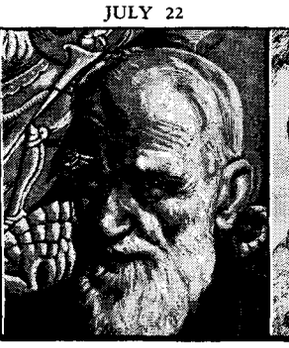
JULY 8

WALTER LIPPMANN
U. S. War Aims

JULY 15

GERALD W. JOHNSON
Woodrow Wilson

JULY 22



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
G.B.S. Birthday Issue

JULY 29

LION FEUCHTWANGER
Simone

AUGUST 12

H. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

AUGUST 19

ILYA EHRENBURG
The Tempering of Russia

AUGUST 26

ELIZABETH GOUDGE
Green Dolphin Street

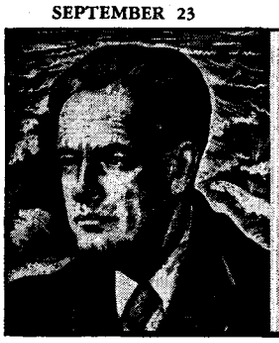
SEPTEMBER 2

ALDOUS HUXLEY
Time Must Have a Stop

SEPTEMBER 9

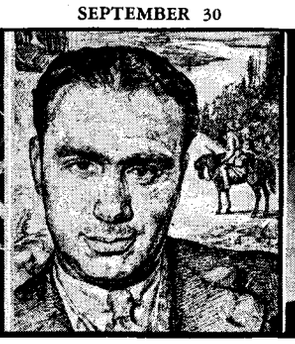
NEVIL SHUTE
Pastoral

SEPTEMBER 23



PHILIP WYLIE
Night Unto Night

SEPTEMBER 30



IRVING STONE
Immortal Wife

OCTOBER 7

GWETHALYN GRAHAM
Earth and High Heaven

OCTOBER 14

VAN WYCK BROOKS
The World of Washington Irving

OCTOBER 21

D. W. BROGAN
The American Character

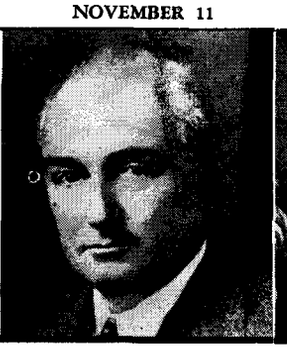
OCTOBER 28

WENDELL WILLKIE
An American Program

NOVEMBER 4

HOWARD SPRING
Hard Facts

NOVEMBER 11



CARTER FIELD
Bernard Baruch

NOVEMBER 18

LEONID LEONOV
Road to the Ocean

NOVEMBER 25

ERNIE PYLE
Brave Men

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(*Continued from page* 11)

Liebling's "The Road Back to Paris" (Doubleday, Doran); Charles J. Rolfe's "Wingate's Raiders" (Viking); "War Below Zero" (Houghton Mifflin), by Bernt Balchen, Corey Ford, and Oliver La Farge, and John Gunther's "D Day" (Harpers).

Taking their place in popular favor with the chronicles of the actual warfare have been those books which cast light upon the internal conditions of the countries at war. It is an interesting fact that, whereas when the First World War broke out there was an immediate flood of works, semi-travel, semi-historical in nature, on the nations which were involved, no such type of literature marked the onset of the present conflict. American interest in and knowledge of foreign countries had been enormously increased in the years between the two struggles and the American press, far from returning to the sparse diet of foreign information on which it had kept the country prior to 1914, continued after 1918 to feed it constantly more material on lands across the seas.

Consequently, those books which are now appearing in such numbers are not background books in the sense of the earlier grist; they are rather works of orientation on present-day conditions. Into this category fall such volumes as Hallett Abend's "Treaty Ports" (Doubleday, Doran), an account of our relations with China; Carl Crow's "China Takes Her Place" (Harpers); Ray Josephs's "Argentine Diary" (Random House); "The Green Continent" (Knopf), by German Arciniegas; Hudson Strode's "Timeless Mexico" (Harcourt, Brace), which has had an excellent press; Sigrid Schultz's "Germany Will Try It Again" (Reynal & Hitchcock); Ambassador Joseph C. Grew's "Ten Years in Japan" (Simon & Schuster); Walter Duranty's "U. S. S. R." (Lippincott), a history of the Soviet Union, and Count Carlo Sforza's "Contemporary Italy" (Dutton).

As the war progresses, and an end to the fighting at least in Europe approaches closer, books on the problems and adjustments which will have to be made multiply. Many of them still are rather investigations into the difficulties that will beset the peace settlement than the enunciation of any definite program for the future. However, constructive suggestions, which have already been hotly debated and will be more so as time goes on, have been made by Walter Lippmann in his "U. S. War Aims" (Little, Brown), Sumner Welles in "The Time for Decision" (Harpers), Carl Becker in "How New Will the Better World Be?" (Knopf), and Leopold Schwarzschild in "Primer of the Coming World" (Knopf). The problem of the returning service man also is winning attention, having called forth in particular excellent books by Dixon Wecter, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" (Houghton Mifflin), and "The Veteran Returns," by Willard Waller (Dryden).

THE war, of course, plays a large part in fiction as it does in factual literature. There, too, the returning veteran comes to the front as in Niven Busch's vivid and thoughtful "They Dream of Home" (Appleton-Century), one of the first of the books to take as its motif the readjustment of the soldier to the civilian environment. But in the main, as yet it is the service man in combat or the civilian population under the impact of war which occupies the novelist. Three books stand out as particularly vivid rescripts of military experience, Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun" (Knopf), a brief, compact, and effective portrayal of the experiences of a platoon making its way six miles into Italy to its objective of a farmhouse, which combines a delightful humor with its realistic depiction of war; John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano" (Knopf), the fictionized presentation of an actual episode of the American occupation in Italy which creates in its major figure a vivid personality and in its incident affords a text for our administrators; and Nevil Shute's "Pastoral" (Morrow), a story of the R. A. F. which is at once a tender and touching love story and as effective a picture of battle flying as is to be found in current literature. Another tale dexterously combining love and war is H. E. Bates's "Fair Stood the Wind for France" (Little, Brown), while Lord Dunsany's "Guerilla" (Bobbs-Merrill), depicting an irregular band of patriots carrying on warfare in an unnamed Balkan country, is not only an interesting story but a book striking for the beauty of its prose.

There is a batch of novels of the war though not of the fighting, books several of them by exiled writers, which are notable for their effective representation of the emotional turmoil, the agony of waiting and of spirit and of uncertainty of the victims of the conflict. To this group belong Robert Pick's distinguished "The Terhoven File" (Lippincott); Arthur Koestler's "Arrival and Departure" (Macmillan), and Anna Seghers's somewhat similar "Transit" (Little, Brown), Vecor's "The Silence of the Sea" (Macmillan), and Lion Feuchtwanger's "Simone." In still another category are those books in which the war serves as background for the mood and emotions of the characters, books like Philip Wylie's "Night unto Night" (Farrar & Rinehart), Rex Warner's "Return of the Traveller" (Lippincott), and James Norman Hall's "Lost Island" (Little Brown). Neither of the war nor about the war, is Jean Stafford's "Boston Adventure" (Harcourt, Brace), which marks the advent of a talent, Brontesque in character.

Fiction in general, that is to say, fiction which is not directly or indirectly concerned with the war, is still under a cloud. There has been no work of really large stature in this country and from England nothing, even from the noted novelists, of the calibre of their best. Among the latter writers W. Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" (Doubleday, Doran), Aldous Huxley's "Time Must Have a Stop" (Harpers), full of talent, of course, and full of flaws, with Mr. Huxley's interest in mysticism riding at the helm part of the time, Elizabeth Goudge's overlong, at times overlush, and at its best delicately beautiful "Green Dolphin Street" (Coward-McCann), A. J. Cronin's "The Green Years" (Little, Brown), E. Arnot Robertson's delightful Irish tale, "The Signpost" (Macmillan), and Margery Sharp's gay and entertaining "Cluny Brown" (Little, Brown).

American fiction, for its part, displays a continuing concern with the historical novel. Herbert Best's "Young 'Un" (Macmillan), a tale laid in the Lake Champlain region of pioneer days, and Hervey Allen's "Bedford Village" (Farrar & Rinehart), set in the Ticonderoga of the Revolutionary period, take their place beside a batch of Civil War or Reconstruction novels: Henrietta Buckmaster's "Deep River" (Harcourt, Brace), John Selby's "Elegant Journey" (Farrar & Rinehart), Howard Fast's "Freedom Road" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), and Joseph Stanley Pennell's "The History of Rome Hanks" (Scribners), banned in Boston. Classed as a novel, though it is actually slightly fictionized biography, is Irving Stone's "Immortal Wife" (Doubleday, Doran), a life of Jessie Benton Fremont.

It is not only the past of America that interests our novelists. Upton Sinclair's "Presidential Agent" (Viking), the latest in the Lanny Budd series, presents interesting sidelights on recent European events; Thomas Costain in "Ride with Me" (Doubleday, Doran) writes of the Napoleonic era.

(*Continued on page* 54)

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What SRL Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas

Books marked with an asterisk are suggested as especially suitable for men in the armed forces.

BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG	Caesar and Christ	*Brave Men	*The Sad Sack	*Lee's Lieutenants (3 Vols.)	Many a Watchful Night
JACQUES BARZUN	E. M. Forster	Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy	A Century of Hero-Worship	Music for the Man Who Likes Shakespeare	A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake
CARLETON BEALS	*Rebellion in the Backlands	*Strange Fruit	*Free Men of America	*The Martial Spirit	*Timeless Mexico
ROSEMARY BENET	A Treasury of American Folklore	Yankee From Olympus	The Leaning Tower	Little Coquette	*America
ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY	Everybody's Political What's What	Man the Measure	Imaginary Interviews	The Private Life of the Master Race	Joseph the Provider
ROBERT BIERSTEDT	Caesar and Christ	Women and Men	The Razor's Edge	*Towards an Abiding Peace	*The Man in the Shower
T. A. BISSON	They Shall Not Sleep	Sharks' Fins and Millet	Comin' Down the Wye	People on Our Side	The People of India
HAL BORLAND	Introduction to Modern English and American Literature	*America	Aleck Maury, Sportsman	The Legacy of the Liberal Spirit	Freedom Speaks
STRUTHERS BURT	Black Lamb and Grey Falcon	*The Time for Decision	*A Bell for Adano	Is Germany Incurable?	*My Country
BENNETT CERF	Cluny Brown	Nods and Becks	The Man in the Shower	The Better Taylors	*The Sad Sack
RICHARD A. CORDELL	The World of Washington Irving	*Four Plays	With a Dutch Accent	*In the Midst of Life	Zuleika Dobson
JONATHAN DANIELS	The Gentleman From *Massachusetts*	Ten Years in Japan	Elegant Journey	Winds of Fear	Strange Fruit
MARY GOULD DAVIS	The Silver Pencil	*Pastoral	*The Lone Journey	The Adventures of Monkey	*A Bell for Adano
IRWIN EDMAN	The Leaning Tower	Samuel Johnson	The Summer Landscape	*The Anthology of English Prose	.....
GEORGE GENZMER	*Nevertheless	*Good News of God	*Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley	*The Peloponnesian War	Jefferson: The Road to Glory
FREDERICK GRUIN	*Forever Amber	Story of a Secret State	Caesar and Christ	*I Never Left Home	*A Bell for Adano
LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.	Bedside Book of Famous British Stories	Caesar and Christ	The Ill-Made Knight	Shakespeare Identified	*Shakespeare*
RAYMOND HOLDEN	How to Live in the Country Without Farming	*The Book of Naturalists	*War and Peace	*The Iliad of Homer	*Brave Men
WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT	Women and Men	*Prodigal Genius*	The Condition of Man	The Universe Around Us	Patrick Geddes: Maker of the Future
HENRY B. KRANZ	*The Torch of Freedom	The Cross and the Arrow	*State of the Nation	*Caesar and Christ	*My Country*
HANS KOHN	*Peace by Power	*How New Will the Better World Be?	*The Treaty of Versailles, Was It Just?	*The Making of Tomorrow	*World in Trance
WILLIAM S. LYNCH	*The Triumph of Life	The American Character	The World of Washington Irving	*A Bell for Adano	The Leaning Tower
JAMES MARSHALL	*And Keep Your Powder Dry	*History of the United States	*The Labyrinthine Ways	*No Boundary	War and Peace
ALLAN NEVINS	No Mean City	Immortal Wife	Lee's Lieutenants (3 Vols.)	Selections from the Writings of Thomas Jefferson	The Dynasts
ROBERT OKIN	The Gravediggers of France	A Walk in the Sun	Timeless Mexico	*A Bell for Adano	Cluny Brown
ROBERT PICK	William the Silent	Germany Will Try It Again	Sword of Bone	Joseph the Provider	A Walk in the Sun
HENRY F. PRINGLE	*Anna and the King of Siam	The Time for Decision	Here Is Your War	The Wilson Era	*The Sad Sack
BEN RAY REDMAN	Everybody's Political What's What?	*Prelude to Silence	*The Road to Serfdom	Time Must Have a Stop	Belchamber
ELMER RICE	Black Lamb and Grey Falcon	The Razor's Edge	The Theory of the Leisure Class	French Impressionists	The Complete Greek Drama
R. ELLIS ROBERTS	*The World of Washington Irving	*The Return of the Traveller	*Germany, Rhine, from the Dutch to the Alsatian Frontier	*Perelandra	*Guerilla
NATHAN L. ROTHMAN	*The Sad Sack	*The Lost Weekend	*People on Our Side	Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes	*The Portable Hemingway
VINCENT SHEEAN	*Oxford Book of English Verse	*Mythology	*People on Our Side	*Nevertheless	*My Country
BERNARD SOBEL	*Zola and His Time	*Ronsard, His Life and Times	*Memoirs of a Midget	The History of Rome Hanks	*Anna and the King of Siam
EDGAR G. SISSON	The Education of Henry Adams	*America	The Scarlet Letter	*Walden	Of Time and the River
PHIL STONG	*Home Sweet Homicide	*Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep	*Ride With Me	*The Innocents at Cedro	.....
MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY	The Shape of Books to Come	No Mean City	Album of Destiny	How to Tell Progress From Reaction	Speaking of Jane Austen
THOMAS SUGRUE	The Condition of Man	*Caesar and Christ	*Ulysses	*The Prophet	The History of Tom Jones
DIXON WECTER	Cautionary Verses	*State of the Nation	*The Sad Sack	Little Essays of George Santayana	The Leaning Tower

(Authors and Publishers of These Books Are Listed on Page 66.)

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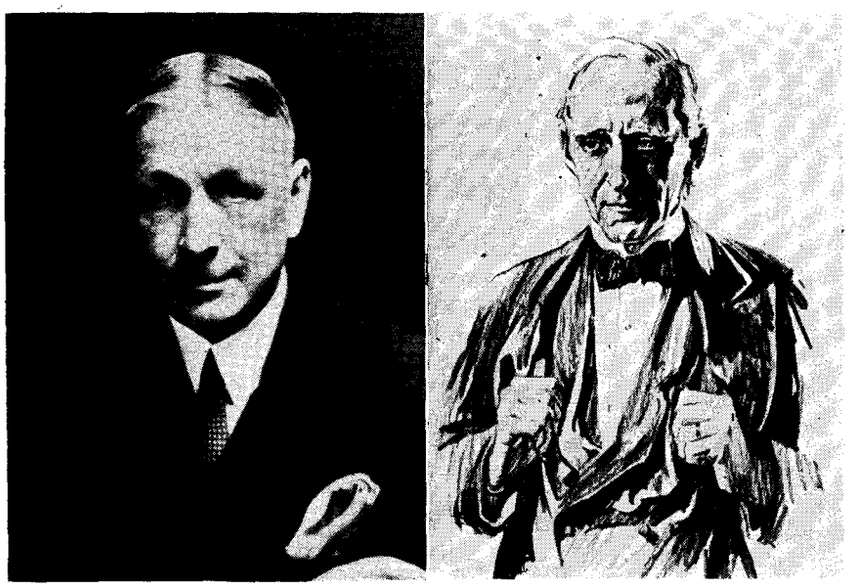
Mr. Tutt Pleads Not Guilty



THE *two gentlemen above are one and the same, being Arthur Train and his creation, Ephraim Tutt. Mr. Train is being sued by a reader who claims that he has been cheated because the "autobiography" of Mr. Tutt deceived him into believing he was reading the real thing.*

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

DURING the past quarter century there have appeared more than a hundred stories recounting the fictitious legal adventures of Ephraim Tutt, who is one of the best known as well as being in active fact the oldest character still appearing in American fiction. Every year or so the more recent stories are collected and published in book form.

In 1943, I varied the uniformity of the series with "Yankee Lawyer: the Autobiography of Ephraim Tutt," in which Mr. Tutt told the story of his own life. While this was done without the intention of inducing belief that such a person actually existed, nevertheless, since it was written in the first person, many readers, even including some of those familiar with the stories, were apparently confused over whether or not Mr. Tutt was a living man. To my vast surprise, a harmless literary *tour de force* had resulted in a great deal of bewilderment and, in some cases, of annoyance, chagrin, and even anger. Had I not made a clean breast of it in public print, "Should I Apologize?" in *The Saturday Evening Post,* those who were in fact deceived would doubtless have continued happy in the belief that Mr. Tutt was a benign septuagenarian whom they might well some day meet. Indeed, it appeared that many were under the very distinct impression that they had met him in the flesh. Anyhow, without my admission to this effect, no one could have positively known that he was solely the product of my invention.

"Yankee Lawyer" appeared in August, 1943; "Should I Apologize?" in *Satevepost,* February 26, 1944. One day in March, 1944, I was unexpectedly served by a City Marshal with a summons and complaint in an action for deceit in the New York Supreme Court. The complainant, one Lewis R. Linet, described himself as a lawyer given to reading who, deceived by the jacket, title-page, illustrations, and printed content of "Yankee Lawyer," had been tricked into parting with three dollars and a half in exchange for a piece of spurious fiction. Mr. Linet explained that, while partial to biography, he was antipathetic if not allergic to fiction, and that he would never have purchased the miserable book if he had known its true character. His claim was that, while a novel usually sold for not more than $2.50 or at most $3, he had been forced to pay out $3.50, so however you looked at it, he had been stung half a dollar.

Starting with the above hard cash proposition Mr. Linet went on further to allege less ponderable damages to his body and soul. To begin with, there was the waste of his time involved in reading nearly four hundred pages which he supposed to be true but which were in fact nothing but tosh and piffle—and—inferentially—there were his chagrin and mortification on learning that he had been hoaxed. Together with some 50,000 other innocent purchasers of the nefarious work he had been deliberately cheated and humiliated—and only monetary balm would assuage his injuries. Hence at the end of a lengthy typewritten document he demanded first that Train, the author, Maxwell Evarts Perkins, his editorial co-conspirator, and Charles Scribner's Sons, Inc., the publishers, be made to pay him, the said Linet, a dollar or at least fifty cents plus adequate damages for his loss of time, and second, that they should be forever enjoined from further publication or sale of said book.

Now the return of $3.50 each to 50,000 people is no flea bite. Moreover, neither Charles Scribner's Sons, my friend Perkins, who had conceived the idea of such an autobiography, nor myself enjoyed being stigmatized as engaged in making or purveying spurious goods. Almost worse was the suggestion that we had ourselves stimulated the litigation in order to enhance the sales of the book. Hence we retained to defend us the best lawyer we could think of for the purpose, John W. Davis, former Democratic candidate for the Presidency and ex-Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who happened to have been a reader of my stories for many years and spiritually akin to Mr. Tutt.

IT was all very well for one's friends to treat it as a joke for they would not have to pay; besides, most of them had no idea what a queer and uncertain thing the law is. The law was obscure and it would be highly desirable to have it elucidated and the ghosts of future Linets laid once and for all.

Our first step was to get rid of the injunction. In late April accordingly, the *New York Herald Tribune* meanwhile having succeeded in running Mr. Linet to earth—that is, to his office at 1211 Chestnut Street in Philadelphia—Mr. Davis moved to dismiss the second cause of action in the Supreme Court of New York County, where Mr. Justice Church rejected the application for an injunction from the bench on the ground that no man could of his own volition constitute himself the champion of the public and demand relief on their behalf.

But although the plaintiff had lost the first—and most spectacular—half of his case, his personal suit for damages remained. This issue is yet to be tried. In fact, it may never come to trial for Mr. Linet may well be averse to subjecting himself upon the witness stand to Mr. Davis's cross-examination as to his mental innocence, his

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actual deception, the value of the time he claims he wasted, and the chagrin he suffered.

It should be observed at the outset that Mr. Linet does not claim damages for any harm suffered by him from false statements in the book. He merely claims that the whole book is a fraud, a "hoax," or what I prefer to call "an invention," in that it purports to be a genuine autobiography when it is actually a piece of fiction.

In reciting this last claim of Mr. Linet's I do not concede "Yankee Lawyer" to be a hoax in the ordinary sense of being made up out of whole cloth, since the greater part of it is actually true both as history and also as autobiography—I having merely attributed the authorship to Ephraim Tutt instead of to myself. Had I called it "A Lawyer's Life" over my own name, could Mr. Linet have complained even if the lawyer turned out to be an imaginary one?

THERE are various instances of wrong or suffering inflicted on a man for which, if no malice exists, the law gives no remedy. Such a wrong is known as "damnum absque injuria." There is also the legal maxim of "de minimum non curat lex" (the law refuses to be bothered over trifles).

If buyers of printed matter of literary character could recover damages for inaccuracies or even deliberately false statements, the time of our courts would be given over to little else. An excellent illustration of this is the suit instituted in 1934 by two members of the "Free Thinkers Society of America" who purchased for ten cents each at St. Paul's Chapel in Trinity Church, New York City, two cards upon which was printed a prayer ascribed to George Washington. The Society thereupon brought suit in the New York Supreme Court against the Trinity Corporation for the aforesaid 20 cents, and asked $5,000 additional as punitive damages "for the persistent deception and fraud in obtaining money by such false pretenses" on the ground that the church was selling "phony cards," the "prayer" being but the garbled form of one of Washington's letters. This the church, while denying any intent other than that of spiritual benefit to the purchasers, admitted in effect to be so. The case came on before Mr. Justice Sheintag, who dismissed it. The plaintiffs then took an appeal to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, where they suffered the same fate.

How were the Free Thinkers damaged? They wanted a prayer and they got a good one—no doubt better than if George Washington had actually written it.

Now conceding for the moment Mr. Linet's *damnum,* let us concentrate on his *injuria*—if any there be.

First his alleged waste of time! What is Mr. Linet's time worth? I do not suppose that he interrupted his law practice in order to devour "Yankee Lawyer" during office hours. Rather we are justified in assuming that he perused his work during his rest or recreation period—sitting comfortably before the fire. If he read the

book through, he must have done so because he enjoyed it—and his enjoyment ought to be weighed against his subsequent mental anguish. Indeed, the unfortunate author may reasonably claim that in fact the book kept Mr. Linet off the streets.

But, once the question of Mr. Linet's actual injury is disposed of, there remains an interesting legal question, never before raised, and worthy of decision.

Is a book or other piece of printed matter a commodity warranted by the publisher and author to be precisely what it seems, such as—that the name given on the title page is that of the actual writer, that if put forth as a historical memoir it is not embroidered with fancy, or if as fancy with fact? Does not the doctrine of *caveat emptor* ("let the buyer beware") apply at least to a certain degree? Certainly, as the late Edmund Pearson pointed out, the writer of a review is supposed to approach a book, not necessarily with suspicion, but at least with a question. Is it what it appears to be or is it perhaps a parody or satire—or pure fancy?

The use of apocryphal biographical or historical narrative for purposes of entertainment and of political or literary satire is a tradition of English letters. They have been enormously effective. In recent times Witter Bynner and Arthur D. Ficke, masquerading as "Emanuel Morgan" and "Anne Knish," invented a "Spectrist School" of poetry and published an elaborate explanation of the theory of their art altogether with illustrative poems which went Futurism, Vorticism, Cubism, Dadaism, and Polyphonic Prose one better, to the great enthusiasm of all "modernists" and "rebels"—until the hoax was discovered.

In 1918 William George Gordon and Richardson Wright, wearied of the vogue for all things Russian, published "Feodor Vladimir Larovitch: an Appreciation of His Life and Work" with scholarly essays and personalia about the distinguished—if imaginary—Russian, by Professor Franklin Giddings and Dr. Titus Munson Coan. "The Cruise of the Kawa," by George Chappell, was published as the personal, if most extraordinary, excursions and observations of one "Dr. Walter E. Traprock" in Polynesia. It was intended to end the deluge of fantastic stories of the South Seas, such as Joan Lowell's "Cradle of the Deep"—and it did. But so far as I am aware no one who read "The Cruise of the Kawa" asked to have his money back, asked damages for his loss of time, or complained of any pain and suffering caused him except to his risibles.

There are hundreds of precedents for putting forth imaginary works as factual or attributing them to fictitious authors. Among these are some of the most renowned works of literature. Daniel Defoe owes his fame to his extraordinary ability to make fiction closely resemble fact—for which Walter Scott and contemporary critics gave him great praise. He published "Robinson Crusoe" as a true narrative with an editorial preface to the effect that he believed it "a just history of fact"—"neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it," but later confessed it to be "Invention." His "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and "Moll Flanders" were also issued under the same guise. His "Journal of the Plague Year" was published as "written by a Citizen who continued all the while in London," Defoe being but two years old in 1665 when the plague occurred.

WHEN Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels" anonymously he authorized a preface signed by Richard Sympson, the publisher, stating "the author of these travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my antient and intimate friend," and that he was alive and residing near Newark in Nottinghamshire. A portrait of "Lemuel Gulliver" appeared opposite the frontispiece.

By the middle of the eighteenth century the practice had become general in both England and France. The famous "Athenian Letters," published anonymously in 1741 and purporting to have been procured from the Royal Library at Fez, were actually written by Charles and Philip Yorke. Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society" (1756) attributed its authorship to "a late Noble writer," which he obviously was not. It long passed as by Bolingbroke. In 1764 Horace Walpole published anonymously his famous "Castle of Otranto," stating in

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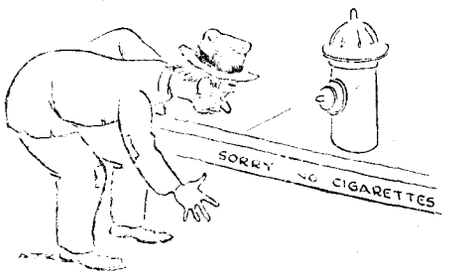
the preface that it was a translation of an Italian original printed in 1529 and "recently discovered." In the same year Goldsmith published a "History of England" purporting to be a series of letters from "a nobleman to his son," the letters being attributed, among others, to Lord Chesterfield.

"Letters from England by Don Manuel Alvarez Esprilla . . . translated from the Spanish" was written by Southey, Don Manuel being a creature of his imagination. Walter Scott (who for so many years denied the authorship of "Waverley") attributed Rob Roy to the receipt of "a parcel of papers containing the outline of this narrative"—with a request that they "be given to the public" and took the occasion to thank "his unknown and nameless correspondent."

Charles Lamb wrote and published his "Memoirs of Liston" as fact. Prosper Merimee in 1825 published the Dramatic Works of a Spanish Lady, Clara Gazul whom he invented. "The Letters of a Chinese Official," by Lowes Dickenson were pure invention, as were the "Li Hung Chang Memoirs," by W. F. Mannix; while the "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion," supposedly based on an actual document found in an Irish cave, was the product of the fancy of Cleone Knox.

Andrew Lang in "The Monk of Fife" pretended that he had discovered a genuine manuscript of Joan of Arc, while Mark Twain printed his life of the saint as by "Sieur Louis de Contez, her page, freely translated out of the ancient French into modern English from the unpublished manuscript in the national archives of France by Jean François Alden" on the ground that if he confessed his authorship no one would take it seriously.

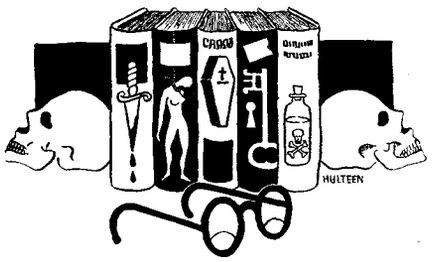
The production of any work of art involves the creative imagination. Without it there would be no great music, sculpture, painting, poetry, or fiction. It is an important factor in the development of civilization, and as such demands every encouragement. Imagination is an element present in and necessary to what we call literature, as distinguished from mere prose and especially from such factual writings as depend solely upon accuracy for their value. Obviously works purporting to furnish serious scientific, sociological, economic, or technical information afford no place for the imagination, the exercise of which would render them useless. Literature differs in that it would be neither justifiable nor socially expedient to hold that the buyer of a book may rely upon the accuracy of the statements contained in it and recover damages from the author if he finds them to be untrue. Such a doctrine would stifle dramatic or literary art. More than half the books printed would become the subjects of litigation. Nor would this danger be confined to books.



"Readers or critics who complain that they are victims of a hoax, because they have been taken in by an historical novel," says Hervey Allen, "are simply proclaiming the fact that they do not understand the meaning of a literary label, or the difference between a play-house and a reference room in a library. Inadvertently, they are also complimenting the novelist on having achieved the effect he set out to produce. Their taste has been assaulted, they say. But how? Because they ate pie, liked it, and were then outraged to discover it was not wheat bread?"

"Fiction," declared Heywood Broun, "has always had to fight against Roundheaded criticism which said that whatever was fictional was unmoral since it was untrue. . . . Those who are fooled ought to remember that from the beginning of time it has always been the narrator's trick to seem convincing. When kings and vassals clustered in some ancient castle to hear the minstrel's tale it never was his custom to begin by saying 'None of this I am about to relate is true.' Instead he introduced even the tallest tale with 'Once upon a time'—by which he meant to convey the impression that somehow and somewhere the thing had happened."

THE purpose of the author who ascribes his apocryphal narrative to a manuscript found in a bottle or among the forgotten archives of some famous family is not to deceive or defraud his reader, but rather to add to his pleasure and entertainment—and perhaps even to his knowledge—by a touch of seeming actuality. His intent is no more felonious than was that of Hawthorne when he stated in his preface to "The Scarlet Letter" that he had found documents relating to Hester Prynne and even the famous "letter" itself in the attic of the Salem Customs House. He has harmed no one even if the reader accepts his statement literally. He has merely given his story greater vividness—which is the laudable object of every writer. A glance at literary history over the past three hundred years shows that the invention of imaginary characters to whom the author ascribes the breath of life is not regarded as either anti-social or immoral, but quite the contrary. Such creations are but literary *tours de force* in which the author exercises his artistic imagination and the more convincing they are, even if aided by mild deceptions, the greater is their art. When Van Wyck Brooks publishes his own convictions as "The Opinions of Oliver Allston" must he be denounced for modestly concealing himself behind a fictitious character? Is Walter de la Mare defrauding the public in "Memoirs of a Midget" because, forsooth, there is no midget? Does the fact that Gertrude Stein published her own biography as that of "Alice V. Toklas"; that George Gissing invented "Henry Ryecroft" and printed his biography and correspondence under the title of "The Papers of Henry Ryecroft;" that Barrie published "The Young Visiters" as by Daisy Ashford, supposedly a young miss of nine years, with her photograph as a frontispiece when undoubtedly he had written it himself, or that John Marquand printed "The Late George Apley" as the memoirs of a prominent Bostonian, turn these amiable and charming artists into a crew of literary malefactors?



Was there such a person as Homer? Who actually wrote the Book of Isaiah? Is he who publishes a book under a pseudonym or a nom-de-plume a rogue? Does anyone concern himself over the actual identity of an alleged author if the name on the title page be unknown to him? What difference does it make so long as he is entertained? Would even a Philadelphia lawyer be justified in bringing an action for misrepresentation based on the fact that William Sharp, himself a well-known author, wrote literature of distinction under the nom-de-plume of Fiona McLeod?

As Vincent Starrett well says of "literary hoaxes" in "Books Alive," "When no harm is done, save to the self-esteem of those taken in by the deception, such episodes are salutary and valuable. Their therapeutic value as correctives may be doubted, but anything calculated to disturb complacence perhaps is worth a trial."

The upshot of which is that by custom, tradition, law, and common sense one who purchases a volume on

(*Continued on page* 71)

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Strictly Personal...

ON BEING FRIGHTENED IN THE WAR

IT is difficult for me to imagine any more interesting question, at a time when the whole world is occupied with killing and frightening itself, than the question of fear as it manifests itself to people before, after, and in battle. I should like to try to set down the ways it has manifested itself to me personally. For a soldier to do so would be in bad taste since his greatness often comes from his ability to hide his own fears; for a writer, wishing to make a grain of sense of the emotional aspect of the war, perhaps not.

I am not a very good subject for the reason that, though as a war correspondent I have been abroad four times during the war, I was never in any war zone more than a few months at a time. But, on the other hand, I am an imaginative person and, I presume it follows, an easily frightened one. To try to create a reference frame, I should state that tall buildings and airplanes both frighten me, because my belief in the law of gravity is greater than my belief in their ability to resist it.

But to get on with this business of being frightened. I went abroad the first time on an old battleship in which I had little confidence. Ships are like people. You believe in them or you don't. On the second day out, our convoy was attacked by a submarine. I was very interested to see how frightened everybody was. I assure you the people about me were not taking the matter for granted. They were tense and full of concern. As a matter of fact, just guessing, I decided I was among the least apprehensive. Then something began tickling my buttocks. Startled, I looked round to see what it was. The muscles in my buttocks were jumping like two rabbits in a tow sack. It was an extremely ludicrous and embarrassing sight. I backed against a bulkhead so no one should see.

Later that trip, we heard the *Tirpitz* and *Gneisenau* had put to sea. We were a rich prize, and, in my then largely worthless judgment in such matters, I felt they might (1.) overhaul us and (2.) sink the entire convoy. I was so frightened I could not eat for two days. Then I learned of a plan we had by which we might bring the issue to something of a tie—most of the warships would probably get sunk, but at the same time would so cripple the enemy vessels that our troop ships could outrun them. With this knowledge came profound relief. My appetite returned. I was enchanted to discover that perhaps I really was more concerned with the safety of the troop ships than of myself. Incidentally, we never saw hide nor hair of the German battleships.)

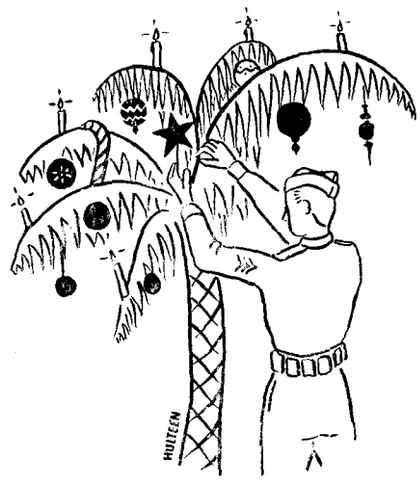
I was first bombed in Algiers. I found it more fascinating than frightening: the spectacle of the tracers, searchlights, and exploding bombs. I was astonished, but that seemed to be the case.

When I returned from that trip, a nervous reaction set in. Nightmares and all that. Very unpleasant.

On my second trip I was in my first invasion, that of Sicily. To us it was the Second Front. Amphibious warfare was still new. All of us preferred to come through it, but felt no assurance that we would. Yet, on the approach to the target area, I found I was not much frightened. The young Brooklyn lad who drove the boat that was to take us into the beach in the assault waves said he guessed he must be scared because he had "the pees." Yet the whole thing was so exciting, so really quadruple Cecil De Mille, that again I was more fascinated than frightened, if frightened at all. And the Brooklyn boy, I hasten to add, both to his townsmen and Mr. Coward, distinguished himself.

On D-Day a sniper caught me alone and unarmed in the dunes near the beaches and started letting me have it. One bullet missed my right ear by about six inches, another by about two inches. I had no cover except to lie flat on the sandy road. However help came before he could kill me.

There was a situation that would seem to be very frightening. To me it wasn't, and I think I know why. The sounds were small and seemed, therefore, somehow less important than the nerve-shattering boom of the cruisers' continuous salvos. Things had come, by some irrational process, to seem important in ratio to the amount of noise they made.



But at Sicily we learned that a landing is only a kind of preliminary commitment. It's making the thing stick that counts. And now the bombings began. Eighty-seven in the first three days, the biggest on the third night. That meant, at least for me, four nights and days with no sleep and a great deal of exhausting exercise. Ships were blowing up about us. Ours was loaded with ammunition. Then I began to appreciate what fear really is. As a result of that combination of complete fatigue and unrelenting bombardment I was by the third night, and knew that I was, merely an utterly terrified animal. You could look in the men's faces and see, by the total absence of color, which were terrified. Everyone made jokes and carried on. But it is a hideous thing to be full of wild terror even if you do go along and mind your knitting. Yet I also observed that only a very few seemed as tense as I was. I should say seventy-five per cent, particularly the very young ones who were less fatigued, took it absolutely in stride. I think what happens is that each fellow, in the last analysis, is fighting for his own pride. He goes as long as he can bear it, gives the best possible performance, and then keeps on doing it until his mind snaps. I have never seen, or heard first-hand, of any fellow quitting his post while still in his right mind.

Then, after the Sicilian invasion, home, and the nervous reaction from this venture sent my blood pressure skyrocketing.

RECENTLY I participated in the invasion of Southern France. There none of our people, almost all of whom had taken part in other landings, seemed frightened at all at any stage of the proceedings, even in anticipation. I, as a matter of fact, slept six hours during our approach to the beaches, which surprised me considerably.

Soon after the landings, the emergency alarm sounded on my ship. But it had sounded so often that I didn't hurry getting topside. After gathering up my life belt and my helmet, I paused to snuff out a cigarette. There was a huge explosion, and the ship leaped and lurched beneath my feet.

I was disquieted and confused, not terrified. I wondered how bad we'd been hit, whether any channels of egress were left, but mainly I was just busy getting topside. There I found a fragmentation bomb had hit our fantail. Six or eight men were dead or dying, forty wounded. But the attack

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was over. My first animal emotion was relief. It was greater than my grief over my dead shipmates whom I had not known personally. Not very gallant, but, alas, true.

Twice I have been on destroyers which were going in to attack submarines. That is quite a thing: two ships, under different flags, each for the moment having no concern beyond sinking the other vessel or being itself destroyed. I watched carefully to see if anyone was afraid and thought that there was not room in the consciousness of those about me to house fear. They were intent only upon sinking the sub. They were at least as hot in their intensity to get the sub as a hound is to catch a wolf.

As the war drags on, many men who have distinguished themselves in earlier actions find, they tell me, that they have begun to be pretty uncomfortable by thoughts of the law of averages. After all, they feel a little glumly, mathematics is here to stay—which is not necessarily true of themselves.

But, aside from my not liking to be frightened or to see people be hurt, there has always been an almost joyful thing to me about any action I've been in during the war. Perhaps I give myself airs, but then, and then only, I have a good solid feeling of something pretty close to temporary equality with that mythical figure, G. I. Joe—of not, though being a 4-F, having totally welched on the war. Then I have known I was pretty much swimming in the currents of my time.

But what I set out to tell was my encounters with fright in the war, and I have neglected the most important ones. Despite the lack of adulation most 4-F's get, they're G. I. Joes under the skin. General Hershey wanted the services of some and not of others. And what those others go through all the time, I am conscious of when I am home between trips. Out of uniform, I don't like riding on trains. In a train full of tired, sleepy soldiers and sailors standing in the aisles, I, in my parlor car seat, have the feeling of being somehow a second-class citizen with a first-class ticket. I dread the feeling of guilt it gives me to dine well on the train while a soldier gnaws a miserable sandwich. And there, of course, is the greatest of all fears: the fear, in justice—when my own puny and well-paid dabbling with the war is put against the fact that G. I. Joe has given three years of his life and career to his country—of having to scale down my own self-respect. For, and make no mistake about it, you are either fighting this war or you are not. And I am among those haunted millions: the have nots.

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY.

Strictly Personal . . .

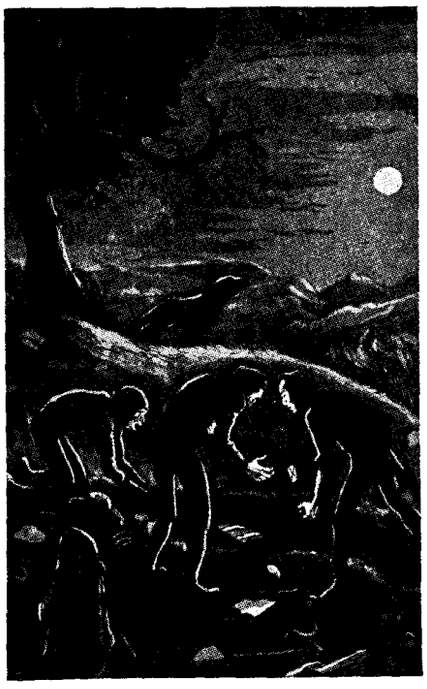
BACK TO WITCHCRAFT

POSSIBLY you remember the brief cable stories filed early in October of this year and emanating from the remote village of Great Leighs in Essex County. An American bulldozer pushed away a great stone which had pinned down the Witch of Scrapfaggot Green for more than two hundred years and released (so we are told) a particularly malicious poltergeist.

Villagers insisted that church bells rang in the dark hours, heavy scaffolding poles were "scattered like matchsticks," large haystacks "blew over" on still nights, and enormous stones were carried considerable distances.

Wars and great disasters have always played curious tricks upon the mass mind. Dancing and whipping manias, which swept the medieval world, have been matched by the mass paranoia which Hitler and his henchmen induced in Germany. More specifically, mountain-top, torch-light orgies and demonic dedications staged by the Nazis in recent years resemble nothing so much as Walpurgis Night revels of an earlier but no less superstitious Germany.

The appearance of the crucified Christ over England, attested by eminent divines and other impressionable souls, reminds us of the spine-chilling manifestations of the First World War in which the Archers of Agincourt swept in with shadowy long bows and deadly arrows to turn the desperate tide of battle and save the day for England. And there are many who will swear that they saw the Angel of Mons or the Pope walking unharmed in no-man's land between the trenches.



—From the Heritage Press edition of "Tales of Mystery and Imagination."

By curious coincidence, England is once again utilizing the Witchcraft Act of 1735 to punish dabblers in the occult. On April 3, 1944, Mrs. Helen Duncan, a forty-six-year-old medium (or "witch" as she would have been called in an earlier era) was sentenced in Old Bailey to nine months' imprisonment. To make the "witch-burning" perfect in every detail, the conviction came on a Friday. There were three other defendants (magic number); the trial lasted seven days (seven is a natural in any language); and the bewildered "witch" held traditional silence for all seven days, crying out at the sentence:

"I've done nothing. Oh, God! Is there a God?"

But those who make a pact with the devil have a powerful friend. You know what happened to Old Bailey! It was struck by German bombs.

Meanwhile, at lonely Wild Plum rural school in southern Stark County in North Dakota, the pretty twenty-two-year-old school teacher, Pauline Rebel, was perturbed by lumps of coal which jumped from the coal hod and leapfrogged about the room. Spontaneous combustion caused text books, wall maps, and curtains to burst aflame, and strange eyes peered in at the windows.

Hex or hoax—and of course it was the latter—the Perils of Pauline made her understandably nervous.

Hex still marks the spot on Bucks County (Penn.) barns. New tales of witchcraft come over the wires from Buenos Aires, New Mexico, and West Virginia (where a backwoods character named Rocky Joe Stanley has accused Aunt Jane Dutton of bemusing and bewitching several local cows). But Hampton Beach (N. H.) voters (we are happy to state) have completely cleared the record of Eunice Cole imprisoned for witchcraft in 1656. The town meeting approved an article stating that Eunice was "unjustly accused." No doubt the bones of Cotton Mather and his fiery associates are restless in their graves.

Meanwhile, on the fighting fronts, buck-eyes, rabbits' feet, crosses, steel-encased Bibles, and other objects of good luck or veneration are used for spiritual ammunition. For soldiers (like actors, dice-shooters, baseball players,

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and jockeys) realize that their profession is a desperate gamble in which the House has stacked the cards against them—and they court Lady Luck in a business which seems to defy logic.

The war has sent some of us back five centuries in divorcing us from logic. We deal in charms, dream books, potions, elixirs. Collections of horror stories and stories of the supernatural sell almost as well as the fictional confessions of a Restoration whore. It may seem irreligious to the orthodox, but the religious revival, no less than the revival of belief in astrology and spiritualism, has been augmented by the planetary conflict.

The poorly educated mind always seeks aid from the supernatural. Whether in voodoo-ridden Haiti or in cult-ridden California, whether from the hands of the Great I Am, Father Divine, or from best-selling novels—all are pathetic records of human fear and hope of aid from supernatural forces.

Incidentally, it has been said that the only books except the Bible which have sold more than eight million copies through usual trade channels have been those which have ministered to this hunger: "Quo Vadis," "In His Steps," and "Ben Hur."

Recently, twenty-six agnostics, most of them non movie-goers, gathered at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York to honor Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette." (Werfel was in Hollywood —but his spirit was with us.) Some surprising statements were made concerning the reasons for the success of the book and the movie. Almost all the critics agreed, however, that the principal appeal for the public was the magic cure of Lourdes—certainly an unacceptable phenomenon to the scientifically trained mind.

But if saints are still functioning, so is Satan. Faustian man will never completely forget him. He has inspired poems, plays, and books by such diverse authors as Goethe, Dante, Milton, Marlowe, James I, Defoe, Scott, Thackeray, Washington Irving, Poe, Gogol, Gorki, Maupassant, Baudelaire, Anatole France, Mark Twain, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, Stephen Benét, Max Beerbohm, and Philip Barry.

War, of course, with its *panic*—or fear of the Great God Pan—has vastly multiplied our fear of the dark and vicious universe. But even without war we are a superstitious herd of sun-barking, moon-howling anthropoids. The idea that the human race has outgrown the era of superstition is pure Panglos optimism. It proves that we do not understand the all-compelling emotion: fear—and that we have not even begun to fathom either the basis of superstition or the stygian mazes of the subconscious mind.

Actually, of course, we are ruled by black and white magic. Eddington and Jeans chase God into the atom—one because the atom does not react according to known natural laws, the other for precisely the opposite reason—because the atom *does* react according to natural law. In a world where such outstanding scientists as Compton, Michelson, Eddington, and Jeans leap from physics to metaphysics at the explosion of an atom we have little reason to hope that the man in the street is capable of avoiding the well-baited traps of the priestly cult, the spiritualist charlatans, and other extra-sensory racketeers.

The deep human tragedy is this. Disbelief in the mythos is usually accomplished by disbelief in the ethos. It is the task of reason to foster the one but discourage the other. Never in the history of mankind have we been so in need of an ethical pattern. But war destroys ethics, while awakening myth. And the results of our ignorance and fear and superstition lie all about us in a shattered world.

STERLING NORTH.

Life in the Polish Underground

STORY OF A SECRET STATE. By Jan Karski. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 391 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

JAN KARSKI is a tall, earnest Pole with tautness in his manner, scars on his wrists, and new bridgework in his mouth. The bridgework is a replacement for teeth beaten out of his jaw by Gestapo fists. The scars are from a razor with which he tried to kill himself in a Gestapo prison. The tautness is the heritage of a young man who in his own person felt the full shock of his country's defeat and degradation, who fought back, as his country fought back, through an amazing death-shadowed army of shadows.

In the Polish Underground Jan Karski served upwards of three years as courier, propagandist, and envoy extraordinary. In this eloquent, absorbing book he has written more than his personal history, or the story of a secret state, or one of the finest books to emerge from World War II. He has told the heroic saga of a nation.

Poland's politics are controversial. The rights and wrongs of Poland's differences with Russia are complex. But Jan Karski's testimonial cuts across all the argument with a shining reminder: No nation has suffered more under Nazi arrogance than Poland. None has fought back more bravely, shown a stouter will to survive, deserved more sympathy from its allies.

Jan Karski

Mr. Karski's opening chapter, "Defeat," is a masterly narrative. The time: August 23, 1939. The occasion: a party given by the son of the Portuguese Minister in Warsaw. In the ballroom, adorned with "cool blue wallpaper and longstemmed flowers," there was lively social chitchat (no politics), dancing in the "airy, mobile" European style, a bit of flirting. At a small morning hour the festivities ended. Jan Karski, a somewhat dawdling student (Lwow University, studies abroad in Switzerland, Germany, England,) who had no greater worry than to finish a thesis in demography, went home to bed. A pounding on the door roused him. It was a policeman with a red slip — the secret mobilization order. From that moment, Jan Karski's world and Poland's world were no longer the same.

During a long, jampacked troop-train ride to his post at Oswiecim on the Polish-German border, Lieutenant Karski noted the mood of his countrymen. They were carefree and confident. Officers, smart in their patent leather shoes, were sure they would call Hitler's bluff, teach "the farcical little fanatic . . . a severe lesson." Sturdy peasant infantrymen shouted chipper goodbyes to their relatives: "Soon you can come and visit us in Berlin!"

Then, before dawn of Sept. 1, while Lieutenant Karski and his comrades slept, the Luftwaffe roared over Oswiecim, the Panzers laid down a surprise barrage. "The extent of death, destruction and disorganization . . . caused in three short hours was incredible." Mr. Karski does not recount the familiar story of the Polish campaign. He tells only his own experience—a bitter retreat across the shattered body of Poland, the crumbling of all organized

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resistance. "We were no longer an army, a detachment or a battery, but individuals wandering collectively toward some wholly indefinite goal." Then, one day near Tarnopol, they heard the stunning news of the Red Army's occupation of Eastern Poland "to protect the Ukrainians and White Ruthenians."

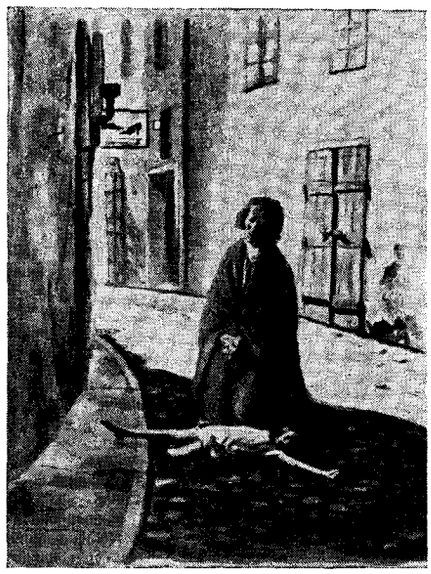
The meeting of the tattered Polish column and the Russian forces is a powerful and vivid scene, a tragic highlight. Red Army tanks surrounded the Poles. Loudspeakers spoke to them of coöperation against the Hitlerites, called on them to lay down their weapons. There was "a rasping, desperate sobbing" in the Polish ranks. "It increased in violence, became racked and choking, then caught itself, changed into shrill, hysterical speech: 'Brothers, this is the fourth partition of Poland. May God have mercy on me!' " A revolver cracked. The sobbing soldier had killed himself.

But the other Polish soldiers gave up their arms. The Russians packed them off in cattle cars. There were four days and nights of travel toward an increasingly colder region. Food consisted of black bread and dried fish. At brief station stops Russian civilians distributed water and cigarettes. Once a Polish officer thanked a Russian woman: "You are our friends. Together we will fight and defeat the German barbarians" She recoiled: "You! You Polish, fascist lord! Here in Russia you will learn how to work. Here you will be strong enough to work but too weak to oppress the poor." The Polish officers suddenly saw a "great gulf of misunderstanding . . . We understood that we, the officers, were the especial target . . . We were all 'aristocrats', quite beyond redemption."

The Russian concentration camp was hard. Polish officers lived in the meanest barracks, did the most menial chores. Rank-and-file Polish soldiers got a shade better treatment. Officer Karski thought only of escape, asked for a transfer to German-occupied Poland (Russia and Germany were still at peace), was granted his request.

In Nazi hands, Jan Karski "for the first time . . . encountered brutality and inhumanity of proportions completely out of the realm of anything I had previously experienced." His description of German methods, of the bestial Nazi "distribution camp" at Radom, where the exchanged Polish prisoners were driven into slave labor, are memorable—and more first-hand evidence of criminal Nazi cruelty.

Jan Karski managed to escape while en route to Germany. With the help of Polish civilians, he returned to devastated Warsaw. There he found a place in the newly born Underground. For the full account of his initiation into that almost incredible organization, of his work as a courier who shuttled on dangerous missions across Poland and Nazi-occupied Europe, of his capture, torture, and rescue from the Gestapo, of the Underground's setbacks and steady expansion, of its remarkable clandestine press, army, tribunals, parliament, administration, and liaison with the Polish Government in London—for all this fascinating detail the reader must go to the book. The pace and power of Mr. Karski's narrative never lag.



—"Tale of a City."
"The Nazis planned it that way."

Mr. Karski has already publicized some of the Underground's story. He left Poland presumably in early 1943, to present the views of the homeland's four parties (Peasant, Socialist, Christian Labor, and Nationalist) to the Government-in-Exile. In London the great Premier Sikorski, whose accidental death was such a grave blow to Poland, charged him to inform the world about the Underground.

The Underground still operates in Poland. Its army suffered a tragic defeat in the ill-starred Warsaw uprising against the Germans. What its relations are to the Russian-supported Lublin Government in liberated Poland is not yet clear. Mr. Karski does not "pretend" that his is "an exhaustive account" of Polish underground activity. He confines himself to his personal experiences. He says nothing about the Lublin Government, which includes leaders of the Polish communist underground as well as members of other political groups. He indulges in no anti-Russian tirades, though clearly he feels uneasy about Russian intentions. He sympathizes with the homeland's demand for a new Poland, truly democratic. But above all he gives the first inside story of Poland's epic struggle to survive.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FIRST LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Here are the first lines of 20 well-known poems. Can you match each line with the poet who wrote it, in the list on the right? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 42.

1. A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot! ( ) Arnold
2. Behind him lay the gray Azores. . . . ( ) Blake
3. Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art. . . . ( ) Brown
4. He did not wear his scarlet coat. . . . ( ) Carman
5. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood! ( ) Dickinson
6. I bring fresh showers for the thirsty flowers. . . . ( ) Drayton
7. I fled Him, down the nights and down the days. . . . ( ) Field
8. I never saw a moor. . . . ( ) Frost
9. It was a summer evening. . . . ( ) Howe
10. Little lamb, who made thee? ( ) Keats
11. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. . . . ( ) Longfellow
12. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note. . . . ( ) Miller
13. She dwelt among the untrodden ways. . . . ( ) Noyes
14. Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part. ( ) Shelley
15. Something there is that doesn't love a wall. ( ) Southey
16. Strew on her roses, roses. . . . ( ) Thompson
17. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary. . . . ( ) Wilde
18. The little toy dog is covered with dust. . . . ( ) Wolfe
19. There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood. . . . ( ) Woodworth
20. There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street. . . . ( ) Wordsworth

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Seeing Things

NOEL! NOEL!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue,* The Saturday Review *inaugurates a new department by John Mason Brown. It will deal with the theater in and out of print, its range including significant motion pictures and sundry matters expressive of American taste.*

"DID you see my show this evening, or were you sick already?" That, according to Ernie Pyle's "Brave Men," is the kind of actor's gag, therapeutic in the very modesty of its immodesty, with which Bob Hope would greet, deliberately startle, and thus cheer a poor guy swathed in bandages during a tour of the hospitals overseas.

I never happen to have been fortunate enough to see one of Noel Coward's performances before the troops in the Mediterranean area. I am certain, however, that they were as popular as they were excellent. Give Mr. Coward a Noel Coward song to sing, or a scene to play on the stage or screen which Noel Coward has written and directed, and he is one of the world's topnotch performers—as cool as a Kelvinator, the perfect metronome for comedy, a "whole tragic, comic, *heroic* theatre" (as Carlyle grumbled about Dickens) "visibly performing under one hat, and keeping us laughing the whole night."

But I have read Mr. Coward's "Middle East Diary." * And I must confess I was not sick before I started it. It is a sick-making book; just too-too utterly sick-making for words; one of the strangest and most shocking volumes to have come out of the war. Its emetic quality is so high that I would not discuss it at all unless Mr. Coward's travelogue had raised questions which also refuse to stay down.

Although the most minor of minor works, "Middle East Diary" is as perplexing as if it were a major issue. Its only significance, save on the subject of Mr. Coward, is its insignificance. Yet it is alive with mischief; capable of causing those great irritations which only small things can cause. Already it has done its harm. Not merely in a properly indignant Brooklyn or to the favor in which Mr. Coward has been held in this country. Much more serious is the fact that Anglophobes have seized upon it, and will seize upon it, stupidly and unjustly, as if it spoke for England when it speaks only for Mr. Coward and is unfair even to him.

The oddest, though by no means most disquieting, feature of "Middle East Diary" is that it belies Mr. Coward's own war record as completely as if it were a journal Mr. Hyde had kept for Dr. Jekyll. I doubt if any famous entertainer has given more generously of his gifts to the services than Mr. Coward has. His respect and fondness for the Royal Navy are as genuine as are the affection and respect in which it holds him. In his way he has served it admirably. He has travelled thousands upon thousands of miles, on ships and planes, and often at vast discomfort, to appear before troops in hospitals and near the battlefronts. He has done this in spite of exhaustion and danger, and done it unstintingly. His courage is as unquestionable as his skill.

The war has not by-passed Mr. Coward. He is keenly, sympathetically aware of the valor of that "unique club" to which the young airmen belong. He has even developed a scorn, however tardy, for the "fripperies of pre-war living." The strength of his convictions has found expression not only in the sharp satire of such a song as "Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans" but in such a notable, truly heart-sprung motion picture as "In Which We Serve."

Mr. Coward is also a strong believer in Anglo-American friendship. He knows that one Britisher or one American, "one silly man with one laborious little joke can cause an incredible amount of damage. It is a frightening thought that careless talk, enough careless talk, can cost more than lives. It might cost the future of Western civilization."

Noel Coward, impeccable architect of ill will.

Yet the very Mr. Coward who is conscious of these dangers and who in peace has served well as an ambassador of good-will functions again and again, in these pages, almost as if deliberately, is a creator of hard feelings. When, for example, Mr. Coward writes, "I can honestly say that at least ninety per cent of the American and Dominions troops I have encountered . . . were behaving as cheerfully and courteously as our own men," he only manages by his thick-headed condescension to turn what is intended as a compliment into one of the most intolerable of insults.

Certainly on the subject of the five globe-trotting American Senators Mr. Coward does not prove himself to be an ambassador without portfolio. Certainly he cannot expect Americans, who have never thought of defending these Senators before, to be pleased when he complains of how these Senators interrupted a party he was enjoying one evening in Cairo. "It wasn't that they were rude," he writes, "or even controversial; they conversed without distinction but quite amiably, in fact their behavior was above reproach, but oh my God, were they dull." That is, until these "aggressively homespun figures" at last took their leave. (Local editors, please note but do not copy the insufferable charm of *homespun,* as here used!)

WHEN Mr. Coward published "Present Indicative," the illusion of peace was upon a world that should have known better. It was in these candid, amusing, if empty pages that Mr. Coward wrote the most accurate summary which will probably ever be written of his own astonishing and brilliant career. He was describing Constance Collier's table at the Fifty-Fifty Club as "an island of theatre washed only occasionally by wavelets from the outer sea," but he might better have been characterizing his own life and thinking.

It was amusing in peacetime to learn from "Present Indicative" that as a young actor Mr. Coward resented the German air raids over London in the last war, because the falling bombs and anti-aircraft guns interrupted his love scenes in "The Saving Grace," robbing him of the audience's attention, destroying the nuances in his playing, and compelling him to bellow like a bull. But Mr. Coward was younger then. The world—remember?—was at peace,

*MIDDLE EAST DIARY. By Noel Coward New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 155 pp. $2.

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when he wrote, and in 1917 he was only playing in a London hit. Oddly enough, though in "Middle East Diary" Mr. Coward has gallantly journeyed to the fronts, his attitude remains as Ivy Restaurant as if he were at home in peacetime. He does himself the injustice of writing not as if he had travelled to entertain the soldiers but to entertain himself.

Mr. Coward wanders through the horrors of war in these pages as tight-lipped and dapper, as if to him the war were a sequel to "Design for Living." Spiritually he would persuade himself (though he can't persuade us) that he is still wearing a white tie.

He goes from command to command; dining almost invariably with the right people; stretched on the most fashionable chaises; tutoyer-ing the great of the English Army and Navy, the K.C.B.'s, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, G.C.V.O.'s, C.B.'s, D.S.O.'s, etc., etc.; being "photographed inordinately" or pursued by an "ardent young man asking for my autograph;" eating well on almost every page, even if he once had "a not very alluring lunch in an officers' mess," and on one occasion consumed "fortunately unlethal shrimps;" bunking at sea in a Captain's vacated cabin, or riding for the most part in special cars and planes, though occasionally "slumming it in the ordinary pullman." Meanwhile his ears are deafened by "vociferous cheering" and "crowds yelling;" and his eyes pleased to find British sailors listening to him in the lovely old Manoel Theatre in Malta "almost as rapturously as the Maltese ladies had listened to 'Traviata'." Mr. Coward would have us believe that he hears everything except the heartbeats of the men he went out to entertain and sees nothing except himself.

THE over-easy explanation of such a book would be to blame it on an actor's vanity. This, however, would be to libel the whole profession, and to forget that Mr. Coward is an actor-playwright. Actors' books have a way of being like the books of everybody else — expressions of their authors. Merely on the subject of themselves or their craft, players' memoirs can be as warm as Otis Skinner's "Footlights and Spotlights," or as wise as Stanislavsky's "My Life in Art."

The fact that actors must be interested in themselves to interest other people, the fact that they are their own and only means of self-expression, the fact that wounded soldiers are bound to be considered by them not only as wounded men but also as members of an audience, has not kept other actors from writing with compassion and modesty about the entertainments they have given before troops.

One has only to turn from Mr. Coward's travel diary to Bob Hope's "I Never Left Home" or Ezra Stone's and Weldon Melick's "Coming, Major!" to note the difference both in approach and response. Most particularly one has only to turn from "Middle East Diary" to Joe E. Brown's "Your Kids and Mine." Compared to Mr. Coward's book, the great Joe E.'s volume may be what a valentine is to a potato chip. But Mr. Brown writes unashamedly from his heart; writes lovingly, understandingly, about the youngsters before whom he has appeared, accepting the war as a participant on its own special emotional premises.

Mr. Coward would have us believe (though I for one refuse to do so) that his first interest is Mr. Coward. He strains to deny his heart; to deny his own decencies. The result is disastrous. Mr. Brown, for example, gets off his jokes about Brooklyn. And no one objects. They are the stand-bys of vaudeville and musical comedy; friendly in tone and feeling; employed merely to remind lonely men in far-off places of home.

Mr. Coward's now famously unfortunate line about Brooklyn runs, "I talked to some tough men from Texas and Arizona" (in from Salerno); "they were magnificent specimens and in great heart but I was less impressed by some mournful little Brooklyn boys lying there in tears amidst alien corn with nothing worse than a bullet wound in the leg or a fractured arm." Although this sentence has naturally incensed Brooklyners, what is appalling about it is not that he mentioned any city by name but that it revealed an unwounded Mr. Coward who can scoff and sneer at suffering men who have seen action.

Even worse is Mr. Coward's line written after he had appeared before some men irretrievably mutilated by burns. "One of the more tiresome aspects of the burned cases is the smell, and a plunge in the sea got it out of my nostrils." Just what can you think of a writer, supposedly a trained writer, who could be responsible for such a sentence? How any being, supposedly human, could employ "tiresome" as an adjective in the presence of such suffering is a question that can be most charitably answered only by assuming Mr. Coward can on occasion be one of the most infelicitous users of the language. Perhaps the truer explanation is that, when he is trying to be most splendidly indifferent in a tradition he considers fashionable, Mr. Coward succeeds chiefly in reaching for an Old School Tie which is not his and hanging himself with it.

Mr. Coward is not unaware of what the British troops have suffered. "I am deeply and favorably impressed with the behavior and courage of our men. Their inherent deep-rooted good manners make it impossible to pity them. One can privately, very privately, allow oneself a little personal compassion for their broken bodies, but their spirit is clear and high above pity." Mr. Coward admits he has his sudden upsurges of emotion. But, out of good impulses, badly stated, he is fearful of expressing his feelings.

Mr. Coward seems as ashamed of the fine war job he has done, as he was embarrassed when in his curtain speech on the opening night of "Cavalcade" he thought he had cheapened himself by saying, "I hope that this play has made you feel that, in spite of the troublous times we are living in, it is still pretty exciting to be English." He has a proper hatred of "unctuous clichés" and "facile patriotism," but he is an ungallant reporter of his own gallant doings. His tragedy is that, even when speaking to himself in the supposedly private pages of his diary, he must continue to give a Noel Coward performance. He continues to play from his nerves rather than from his heart. He remains a sophisticate who cannot adapt himself, at least in his diary, to what is the essentially unsophisticated world of war.

HE can write vividly, as when on his way into the Mediterranean he describes one torpedoed vessel sinking nearby as if "she seemed to be kneeling apologetically in the calm sea; she lingered for a few moments and then with desolate resignation disappeared utterly."

In spite of such intermittent proofs of his old skill, it would have been far better had the British Government seen to it that "Middle East Diary" was kept as a secret shared by Mr. Coward with his alter ego. This, after all, would have provided him with a sufficiently sizable audience. It would have been far kinder, too, had Mr. Coward's American publishers (hence one presumes his friends), omitted an American edition.

One's first temptation upon reading "Middle East Diary" is to echo Brutus at the height of the quarrel scene when an unnamed poet bursts into the general's tent with wretchedly rhymed advice, and cry "What should the wars do with these jigging fools?" But we all know better than that, including Mr. Coward. We all know that the writers, the actors, the singers, and those blessed with the gift of contagious laughter have a great deal to do with war and in this war have done their needed best. The wonder is that Mr. Coward, having travelled such distances to entertain the troops, should go to such lengths as a diarist to detract from one of his best performances.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Mr. Adams's Ranging Survey

THE SHAPE OF BOOKS TO COME. By J. Donald Adams. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. *xvii and* 202 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. ADAMS'S book proves to be principally concerned with the shadow of books past, inasmuch as nine of his eleven chapters are devoted to a cursory survey of American writers since about the Chicago World's Fair. I say "cursory" advisedly, since he does not attempt to do more than trace ten devices, especially in fiction and poetry, that seem to him important in shaping the literary present. Mr. Adams is quite justified in touching lightly on the drama, and one understands that in a book devoted to simplicity in the better sense, he had no room for non-fictional prose. Yet some of the liveliest and most influential writing of the last half-century—one thinks of Mahan, Veblen, William James, Turner, and others—is either omitted from this pen-portrait of an epoch or touched very lightly. Because of the inter-connections of literature with systems of ideas set forth in this sort of writing, Mr. Adams's self-limitation is severe, and even more serious is his failure to include some of the great critical battles in his over view. How changed! how fallen! Mr. Mencken's name does not appear in the index, and the only Babbitt therein listed is a resident of Zenith City. But the egregious Huneker gets a whole paragraph.

Mr. Adams's purpose, of course, is not to write literary history but to sustain a thesis; yet his emphases and omissions are themselves significant and raise a problem of values which literary history—at least American literary history—wilfully turns away from. The great critical task of the thirty years from 1880 to 1910 was to discipline writing, to put shape and form on the lawless romanticism of the transcendental traditions and to get rid of the false rhetoric and sentimental estheticism of later Victorian style. This was the great historic function of writers, critics, and editors of the brilliance of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, Harry Thurston Peck, Brander Matthews, and their contemporaries. Mr. Adams's chapter on the last ten years of this epoch (the first decade of the twentieth century) is, however, entitled "The Doldrums," and though he has the courage to see and say that William Vaughn Moody was a very fine poet and to discern that the novelists of this time were conscious artists, the implication of his chapter is that writing down to 1910 or so principally reflected the "deep complacency" of American life. Walter F. Taylor in his "The Economic Novel in America" comes to an opposite conclusion.

Once past the doldrums, Mr. Adams puts on steam and steers for more familiar seas. From my point of view he takes the right position about the weakness of American literature between two world wars. The bony hand of naturalism prevented a wider imaginative range; and when to the work of Dreiser there was added the books of the "tough guys" and the confused psychologists, the American theory of life was put in jeopardy. For, as I have elsewhere observed, if you truly believe with Dreiser, Anderson, the earlier Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos in his famous fiction, and the rest, that man is either the will-less puppet of heredity and circumstance or a futile rebel in an iron cage, government of the people and by the people just won't work. But if you believe with Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather and Robert Frost that men and women have some responsibility for their own fate and some dignity if they face their tragic lives with clear-eyed resolution, there is some hope that judgment and not instinct will rule the popular choice. This is Mr. Adams's central position, and though much that he says has been eloquently said before, we cannot perhaps be too often persuaded that:

> Unless we set the values of the spirit beside and above the material comforts that we crave, we might better have bowed our heads to the New Order of the Nazis. . . . The central problem of our time starts from within, and it must be approached from the inside out.

And if his literary history seems to me a trifle shaky here and there, he utters many revealing dicta on men and books in his central chapters.

At the end Mr. Adams attempts the perils of prophecy. This war generation is, he thinks, a different breed of man from the lost generation of Gertrude Stein. He traces a number of shifts in current reading which seem to point to a new literature coming closer to the national beliefs, to national aspirations. But when Mr. Adams cites as evidence of this spiritual quest Cronin's "The Keys of the Kingdom," Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette," and Douglas's "The Robe," I have a distinctly uneasy feeling. When he goes on to sit under "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and to say that "A Bell for Adano" is by a novelist "equipped to answer a deep-seated need among readers of contemporary fiction," I

—*Blackstone Studios*
J. Donald Adams

commence to swing over to Mr. Edmund Wilson's side and lament the loss of a certain largeness of utterance and outlook commoner in the much-berated twenties. And when in his epilogue Mr. Adams meets Mr. Wilson's comment by saying that the twenties fled like a frightened hare from sentiment and found cosmic significance in Krazy Kat, it seems to me that Mr. Adams ceases to be either a literary historian or a literary critic and becomes an exhorter. His difficulty is that he sees the central error of the twenties was a philosophical assumption about the nature of man. But he hasn't any equally rigorous philosophic assumption to put in its place. And unless somebody like Reinhold Niebuhr or another, grappling with this intellectual difficulty, can find or shape some philosophical foundation for a proper view of man, the shape of books to come will, I fear, never get beyond the pleasant sentimentalism of "The Robe." It is precisely at the end of his survey that Mr. Adams fails his readers. I can find nothing much in his last chapter and his epilogue except a kind of muddled good will. What is "an affirmative note" in fiction? A note struck on what instrument and in what scale of tones? Just some more nice books will not, I fear, advance literature, and most of the titles Mr. Adams cites as straws in the wind are books lacking depth, lacking a tragic sense of life, lacking, in the last analysis, dignity. Yet dignity is what, omit a thousand faults, Dreiser, whom it is now fashionable again to abuse, really did achieve. The twenties were lively times—and so, for that matter, were the eighteen-eighties and the eighteen-nineties. They were periods of real debate. What I fear about the shape of books immediately to come is that religious gentility will be mistaken for moral grandeur, and there will be no real facing of the issue.

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The Saturday Review
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Norman Cousins, *Editor*

Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, John Mason Brown — *Associate Editors*

William Rose Benét, Bennett Cerf — *Contributing Editors*

Harrison Smith
President

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The editors are pleased to announce that, beginning with this issue, Mr. John Mason Brown joins the staff of The Saturday Review as *Associate Editor. Mr. Brown is now on inactive duty with the United States Naval Reserve.*

WAITING AND WATCHING

WITH victory we may hope for a revival of literature in its ancient sense of imagination communicated by the art of words. Immediacy stimulates the imagination but is the enemy of art which is essentially composition and requires, like a crystal, time for growth. These last five years have been all immediacy, a constant impact of events that had to be met, or if they were not met, led on to disaster. The sensitive mind—and a writer's mind has to be sensitive—whirls like a compass needle. The tempo of thinking is advanced. More human experience—whether direct or indirect—is stuffed into the mind than can be digested. In writing, it has been an age of pamphlets and chronicles—many brilliant, many as fascinating as the Ancient Mariner's story. But neither in English nor in other languages has it been an era of great novels, poetry, or drama, except when the project had been begun, the line taken, before the crisis. How could it be otherwise?

This philosophizing is by way of a general answer to those readers of *The Saturday Review* who have complained that we have deserted literature in its purer sense for public affairs—for politics, economics, strategy, and the problems of race, of finance, of applied psychology, of the clash of moralities, and the difficulties of bombed or exiled human nature which the war has flung in our faces like mud from the wheels of a jeep. We have not deserted literature. Literature for the time being has deserted us. A critical review grows by what it feeds upon, and it can only feed upon the current interests of the time as best expressed in books. There is something to be said for the editorial policy of our contemporary, *The Dublin Review*, which has by-passed the war into quiet regions where pure literature still has no competitor. But the literature the editors have found there is not very impressive. One thinks of the little communities of Union men who took refuge in the 1850s in the wilderness of the Southern mountains, and did not know when the Civil War began,—nor when it ended.

No matter how confused and difficult may be the return to peace after victory, literature is sure to come with it. The intellectual mind can stand just about so much immediacy or intense experience without reaction. If the absorption goes on too long (as in the Thirty Years' War or the Napoleonic Wars) the mind begins to lose its edge and fineness. It will not go on too long this time. The end of the great conflict is in sight. The lesser (though not less important) conflicts that follow will be over construction not destruction. Tense imaginations can relax a little, stand up, and look around.

Readers may be assured that this *Review* will respond with enthusiasm when there is more to respond to. We shall not give up public affairs, for we are clearly in an age of racial and political reconstruction, and the books that will be written in the next decade on new philosophies of living, new contributions of science to the art of government, new views of history, sociology, psychology, and finance are likely to be of vital immediate importance. But we should hope to shift emphasis back toward that imaginative literature without which a culture perishes or petrifies as surely as by continuous poverty or war.

There are already indications of a vigorous revival of fiction when the young men come home. At the beginning of the last war there was an extraordinary outburst of poetry in England, by young men many of whom were about to die. But it was nostalgic poetry which led to no new releases of the spirit afterwards. Instead, in France, in England, and here we had, after 1920, a bitter disgorging of disillusion, in the cynical, debunking novels of young writers who had been shocked by the horrid intrusions of war into their normal lives. This time it seems to be different. Our sensitive young men have gone to war already disillusioned. They hate it, but they accept it as an inevitable part of experience in a world too inept to prevent destruction. War for them, as the numerous brilliant narratives we have been reading from Europe and the Pacific show clearly, is an extension of life—unpleasant but instructive. They detest its waste and its horrors, but they are not shocked by them. They are not insulted, as were the intellectuals of a previous generation, by being asked to fight. These young writers are not real novelists, but many of them will be—and we may expect from them an able and perhaps a noble fiction in which life as it has proved to be like in our times is accepted (not rejected) as a basis for interpretive art.

For such and many another or differing manifestation of the creative spirit, this *Review* will be seeking and waiting, no matter how insistent the need to continue discussing the problems of society.

H. S. C.

Christmas Meditation

By Anne Young

PONDERING august and curious mathematics
Whereby is wrought our spatial transformation,
Point into point resolving, line to line,
I fell a-dreaming of our Lord's incarnation.

Heard once again the cynic's grinning challenge,
"What in the name of everything empirical
Shall save from chaos any of your manifolds,
Should law but an instant fall as for a miracle?"

"Point into point, line into line, plane into plane"
Droned thought while ever labyrinthine reason
Led it a dance of torment—what meditation
Was this to madden in the holy season!

For I seemed to thread blind paths in a lost valley,
Wry turns on themselves returning, ever quicker
Leading to despair—Ah! but what throb was that
Troubled the firmament? I felt—not saw—a flicker

As of all-seeing vision glancing sidewise.
I thought, "The sun draws water"—rays supernal
Fell strange aslant, broke never ratio—all was well!
Meek motes of dust made known the Light eternal.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Beard and His "Basic History"

SIR: Messrs. Dixon Wecter, Henry Seidel Canby, and Edmund Fuller have done an excellent public service in calling attention to the case of Charles Beard. But their criticisms err on the side of kindness; for they confine themselves to the new "Basic History"; while the fact is that Beard's whole work during the last dozen years is open in various degrees to the same criticism.

What has happened to Charles Beard is a tragedy for all of us: not least for one who, like myself, once valued his friendly interest, and, as a young man, was the recipient of kindly help that must always be gratefully remembered. Beard's mechanistic philosophy was indeed an inadequate one, as I pointed out in an essay in these pages as early as 1929, long before his isolationism was in question. Yet many who shared that philosophy nevertheless rose to the challenge of fascism and fought it steadily, realizing that this is one world, and that justice and liberty could be preserved in America only if they could be preserved against fascist destruction in the world at large.

Early in the 1930's Beard came forth as an advocate of national isolation, and he has never departed from that position. The events of the last fifteen years have taught him nothing: he has created a mental wall between himself and the real world; and in order to preserve his position he has become a passive—no, active—abetter of tyranny, sadism, and human defilement.

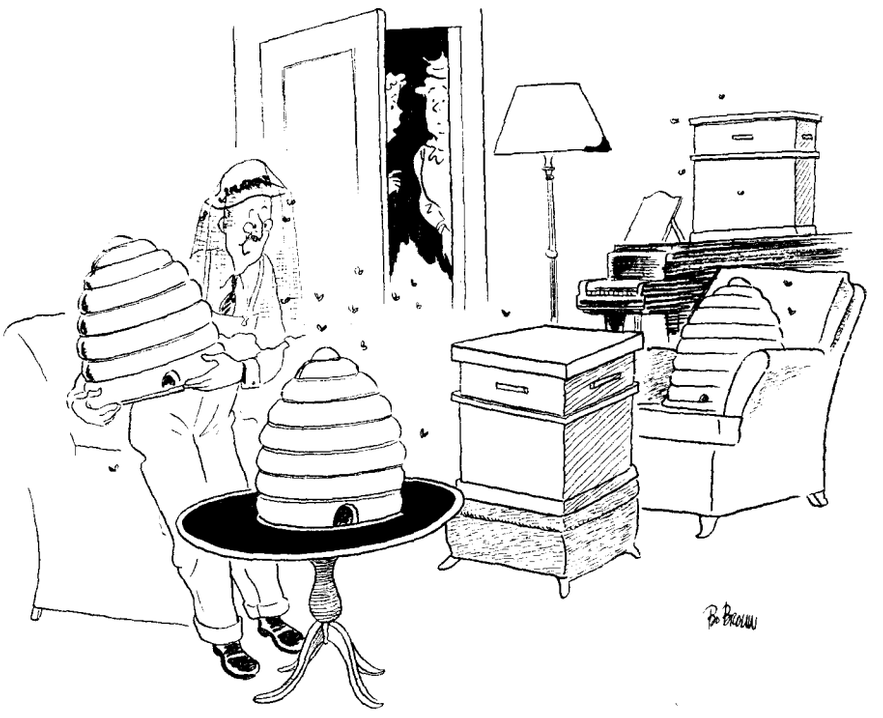
Beard's tragedy is the tragedy of a good man gone wrong. He is now behaving like a desperate gambler, pyramiding his errors in order to conceal his initial mistake. He must find some way of reconciling his isolationism with the fact that history has already proved it false in its premises and completely incapable of facing reality. His method of squaring his position with fact is a simple but dastardly one: he conceals the evidence that proves him wrong, and uses his good reputation, earned by a lifetime of devoted scholarship, to cover up this ultimate dishonesty. This concealment of the evidence is not confined to ten pages of his "Basic History"; it warps and perverts many other parts of his work, and it accounts, among other things, for his reluctance to treat the internationalist Jefferson as one of the formative leaders of American thought.

Precisely because the Beard we loved was worthy of love, an intelligent and deeply humane man, this self-betrayal by Beard must be classed as no ordinary error of judgment: it is a corruption comparable to that which placed a novelist of Knut Hamsun's dimensions on the side of the Nazis. The prestige built up by Beard's earlier works increases the menace of what he has written during the last dozen years: our pro-Nazis, our so-called nationalists, will use Beard as their respectable intellectual front.

May I suggest that the time has come for a detailed analysis of Charles Beard's isolationist writings, so that their errors, subterfuges, and above all their concealments shall be brought to light? It is useless to hope that one who has sunk so deeply in error will voluntarily repent his sins or correct them; but it is possible that a more studious examination of Beard's work, in the spirit the three critics have already shown, will save another generation from Beard's studied misguidance.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Amenia, N. Y.



"It all started when George got the word 'apiary' in a Double-Crostic!"

SIR: I have just read the review by Dixon Wecter of Beard's "A Basic History of the United States" in the November 4, 1944 issue of your publication. While Dr. Beard and Mrs. Beard need no defense at my hands, I feel impelled to offer a dissent to Mr. Wecter's criticism of the comments by the Beards in their book that Mr. Hoover acted "energetically and creatively" in combatting the depression.

A difference in point of view may probably explain the different conclusions reached by the Beards and by Mr. Wecter. Obviously the approach of the Beards was from the standpoint of the historian and one cannot read the history of the Hoover fight on the depression objectively without concluding that the fight was energetic, militant, and courageous. The record is equally clear for those who read it without prejudice that the Democrats in Congress, and it should be remembered in passing that they were actually in control of the House of Representatives continuously from March 4, 1931, followed a program of "obstruction and harassment."

Mr. Wecter reluctantly agrees with the Beards that "the R. F. C. rightly belongs to Hoover's sponsorship," but after making this admission he proceeds in an effort, so he says, to "keep the record straight." Keeping the record straight to him consists in remembering that the R. F. C. was set up "not during the Republican heyday in Congress." Now is that keeping the record straight? In the first place, the Beards did not state that the R. F. C. was set up while the Republicans were in power. They said that Hoover is due the credit for having proposed it and secured its adoption by a reluctant Congress.

Secondly, Mr. Wecter seems inclined to take the large part of the credit for the legislation from Hoover and place it on the "prevailingly Democratic Congress in January, 1932." The record will not support Mr. Wecter in this position because it shows that the Democrats in Congress did not go along with the R. F. C. idea voluntarily but most reluctantly and that they did everything possible to sabotage it to the point of forcing the publication of loans made to banks and other financial institutions over the vehement protests of the Democratic members of the R. F. C. Board, a majority of whom were Democrats and were so appointed by Hoover in an effort to

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Story of a Secret State

BY JAN KARSKI

Poland grew no quislings, but under the Nazi terror there has grown a secret democratic state. This book is the story of a people who for four years have lived and worked under an invisible government. It is also the story of Lt. Jan Karski, who served as liaison officer between political and military authorities in Poland, and as courier between the secret state and the Polish government in London. The story he tells is the story, in a most intense form, of every agency in Europe which has courage to resist.

A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Price $3.00

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(*Continued from page 27*)

remove the R. F. C. from partisan politics. This Garner-sponsored publication provision is generally admitted by non-partisans today to have been as much responsible for the bank failures of 1932-1933 as any other act.

But there is another illustration of Mr. Wecter's point of view in his effort to keep the record straight. That is in his comment on the credit given Hoover for the H. O. L. C. idea. It is true that the actual adoption of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation did not occur until June of 1933. However, the idea was Hoover's and he fought courageously to persuade Congress to adopt the idea while he was President, but Garner and the other Democrats who were in control of the House of Representatives fought him bitterly at every turn and were only finally persuaded to adopt a measure in support of loans for home owners because the pressure of public opinion became too strong.

The record is that Hoover, on November 13, 1931, publicly announced the sponsorship of a system of Home Loan Banks, and he recommended the establishment of these banks in a special message to Congress on December 8, 1931. Bills were promptly introduced in both houses on December 10, 1931, but they were sabotaged and delayed by the Democrats in Congress who were in full control in the House of Representatives. Hoover made numerous public statements and had conference after conference with leaders of both parties in Congress in an effort to speed up the enactment of the legislation but they kept it hanging fire in Congress for eight months and the act did not finally become law until July 22, 1932. It made available $1,250,000,000 of credits to home owners for the protection of their homes against mortgage foreclosure.

I prefer to take my history from the historians.

C. R. Jouaz.

Raleigh, N. C.

Sir: Don't you think Edmund Fuller has overlooked a bet in his arraignment of the Beards' "Basic History" as a campaign document against the New Deal? It seems to me the villain is not the Book-of-the-Month Club but Henry Luce. The big boost to the book's sales was given by the widely circulated weekly *Life,* which not only reprinted practically all of it, but added excellent illustrations and preceded it with an eloquent blurb. The "Basic History" did not reach the best seller lists until after this powerful exploitation was under way, and the hostility of the Luce publications to President Roosevelt is well known.

Also, it struck me that Mr. Scherman's defense of the BMC was as irrelevant as the reply of the Mad Hatter, "It was the *best* butter."

Earnest Elmo Calkins.

New York, N. Y.

"The Party of Lincoln"

Sir: "The Party of Lincoln," published in Mr. Benét's column, is a document of singular interest, in that it seems to express in its most extreme form the spirit which animates our extremest totalitarians. It is the spirit which is not satisfied with victory but must gloat and glut itself with vengefulness. The writer rails against intolerance sublimely unconscious of his own intolerance; he is a man possessed with the fixed idea that he is an instrument of the Deity with a mission to scourge nearly one-half of the people of this country because they do not agree with the other half. The writer affords an almost perfect example of the arrogant-servile complex which, I regret to have to say, finds a perfect example in the Nazi mentality. To my mind the servile aspects are more alarming than the vituperative animus; the writer obviously endorses whole-heartedly the leader-principle for Americans, looks on any opposing candidate as a usurper if not a traitor, and would preserve the form of democracy for appearance's sake while actually approving a one-party system. The extreme astigmatism of the writer is shown by his firm conviction that his maledictions are in the cause of national unity. The kind of unity desired by his kind, of course, is a sort of *pax Romana* in which all critical opposition is extinguished, and all opponents have the status of untouchables.

H. W. Eliot.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Publishers and Libraries

Sir: Mr. Cerf in a recent "Trade Winds" said, "The mighty publishers themselves have been huffing and puffing in panelled conference rooms, discussing coalitions and alliances." As a library worker, I would like to suggest an additional topic for discussion.

The publishers are enjoying an unprecedented business these days. While some of this business is due to the large amount of ready cash lying about, it is also the end product of the years of silent service rendered by the public libraries in making the people book conscious. The publishers have been conspicuous by their failure to provide any mutual support. The medical profession has its morale elevated and its professional standards preserved by the nationwide advertising of the pharmeceutical houses, milk companies, insurance companies and the like. Every tooth brush, dental paste, mouth wash, etc., manufacturer has taken upon himself the task of presenting the dentist to the public as a genial, pleasant man in a white coat whose every act is motivated only by the highest of professional ethics.

And so this is a plea that the publishing trade promote a series of national advertisements presenting to the public the problems and character of the public library. If such news should come from those "panelled conference rooms" I can assure Mr. Cerf that the publishers would become the pin-up boys of every public library staff room.

Frederick Wezman.

Oak Park, Illinois

"Wars Are Made in Classrooms"

Sir: Now I have just finished reading Mr. James Marshall's article on "Wars are Made in Classrooms." His argument is to the effect that pupils are not trained to think, but merely to believe what is told them, and that the result of such teaching is a subservient people willing and anxious to be dominated.

The simplest answer to that kind of argument is two-fold; first some things must be taken on faith. Life is too short to redemonstrate everything that has been proven in the past; and second, if children are left to interpret matters in harmony with their experience, there may be riots among the young people as they had in New York some time ago. And, finally, totalitarian or dogmatic teaching did not stultify his thinking processes, but it might have his true logical processes.

C. M. Jansky.

Madison, Wis.

Some Replies to Miss Miller

Sir: After reading Elizabeth Miller's letter [*SRL,* Oct. 21, 1944—"Images and the Negro"], I find myself agreeing with her that we whites do stand (oh, absolutely) head and shoulders above the Negroes.

The reason for this fine eminence of ours, of which Miss Miller is so touchingly unaware, is that we are standing with our lily-white feet planted firmly on the necks of our colored compatriots.

Who among us (I hope I am not being naive) will be the first to step down?

Francis Stephens Whaland.

Needham, Mass.

Sir: The mental and spiritual limitations and the ignorance of historical and economic facts revealed by the lady from Fort Worth are truly terrifying. I am glad the lady from Houston made me refrain from uttering a rash and unwarranted generalization about Texans! All praise to Mary McEldowney Hupfel for her excellent letter to *Time.*

Dorothy Goodfellow.

Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

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Enlarging the Johnsonian Circle

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1944. 554 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. BENNETT

IN contemplating the present age Mr. Krutch has never found much cause for rejoicing; yet most of his better-known works have dealt with our own time or the recent past. If readers of "The Modern Temper" and "Was Europe a Success?" expect to find in "Samuel Johnson" another gloomy book, they will be pleasantly disappointed. For an escape over "a considerable span of years" into the late eighteenth century brought Krutch into a society, a way of thought and life, which he evidently has found more congenial than our own. Not that he flaunts his preference, but in an inconspicuous and not at all typical passage, following a discusison of the Johnson-Chesterfield affair, he gives himself away:

> Perhaps . . . it is not either Johnson or Chesterfield who comes best out of the incident; perhaps it is rather the century of which each has been taken as representative, a century which could see the importance of a battle of wits involving two of the strongest forces in the world—pride of place versus pride of ability—and could appreciate the fact that the battle was fought to a finish with no weapons other than those which intellect alone could furnish. Our own more brutal century may well admire and no less well feel some envy.

Krutch's new book, which he describes as "a running account of Johnson's life, character, and work as they appear in the light of contemporary knowledge and contemporary judgment," is long and rich, genial, thoughtful but relaxed, somewhat ill-proportioned and occasionally lacking in polish, very personal, and always interesting. In such a long book there is room for a paragraph of speculation as to whether blind Anna Williams did or did not put her finger into the tea, and for several pages on Sophy Streatfeil's accomplishment of shedding tears at will, as well as for a scholarly but painless disquisition on pre-Johnsonian editions of Shakespeare. There is also room for a great deal of quotation, and no one will regret that it is chiefly the familiar things that are quoted: the Life of Pope, the lines on Levett, the letter to Chesterfield, and the paragraphs on "the horror of the last."

There are so many good things in the book that it is hard to know what to select for comment: the chapter on Johnsonian conversation, "Folding his Legs"; the delightful summary of the elderly frolic in the Hebrides; the sympathetic and revealing pages on the tragi-comedy of Johnson's marriage; the picture of "Tetty" herself, in which for the first time she achieves a reality beyond Garrick's caricature. The most original and possibly the most valuable portions of the book are those in which Krutch exerts his talents as a critic: the chapters on "Shakespeare" and "The Lives of the Poets." Seventy pages are given to Shakespeare—that is, Krutch on Johnson on Shakespeare—and it is good to find such an expansive juxtaposition of these giants of English literary history.

Some of Johnson's critical opinions will always seem wrong-headed; and if at times he appears to be jousting with windmills, Krutch reminds us that the "unities" were more than windmills in Johnson's own time. What makes his criticism of Shakespeare so readable today is that in general it is informed with common sense, and is continually "manly," as Adam Smith said of the "Preface." The doctrine of common sense criticism is further developed in the chapter on the "Lives," where Krutch distinguishes it from "pedantic" and "romantic" criticism. Earlier in the same chapter there are strong words in favor of the biographical approach in literary criticism ("A writer is also a man. His individual experiences and his individual personality have something to do with his writing"), a critical method which is scoffed at in certain circles today. This has been, indeed, Krutch's own method, so that it would be odd if he did not defend it; but it would be hard to deny that it is the least faddish of approaches, and that in proper hands it makes for criticism which will continue to be read even if some of the judgments which it leads to are faulty—as witness Johnson's "Life of Milton."

Given this period and subject, given the vast amount of source material and the research that has been done on the Johnsonians, given his own taste and judgment and sufficient time and space in which to exercise them, Mr. Krutch could hardly have done otherwise than write a good book. Its faults are not serious. The chief one, as I see it, can best be described in connection with one of the book's principal merits, the author's use of his sources—of which, by the way, he makes no secret, though his method of listing them is a little inconvenient. Perhaps the social and political background has been somewhat too obviously "worked up" for the occasion from such books as W. S. Lewis's "Three Tours" and A. S. Turberville's symposium, "Johnson's England"; but Krutch seems to have read, digested, and made good use of literally everything written by or about Johnson or his immediate circle. Thus his book will please not only the "layman," for whom he has professedly written it, but also the specialists and scholars, who should be glad to find their labors making an important contribution to this rounded estimate of the man with whom they have dealt only partially.

In one direction Krutch's inclusiveness has been carried too far: there is too much quotation from witnesses whose credibility has either been called in question or else positively refuted, such as Anna Seward, Hawkins, and Fanny Burney. True, he usually prefaces such passages with a warning remark; but if they had been omitted altogether, the loss of a few laughs would have been more than compensated by the increment of accuracy. An example occurs at the end of a well-argued passage in which Krutch has demonstrated that Boswell was primarily a listener rather than a notetaker, where he quotes Fanny Burney's well-known description of Boswell listening "with his ear almost to the shoulder of the Doctor." Miss Burney was, after all, a writer of fiction, and Krutch admits that the scene is probably exaggerated; but it is so vivid that the reader will very likely carry nothing else away with him, and Boswell's dignity as a reporter, which Krutch has patiently built up, is demolished with one blow.

There are also a few faults of exclusion on which I should like to quiz the author. Does he consider "Irene" so completely contemptible as to deserve only a passing reference? Why are there only a few casual allusions to Francis Barber, Johnson's Negro servant, whom he regarded almost as a son, and who was the chief beneficiary in his will? There is no lack of material on Frank, for A. L. Reade devoted an entire volume of "Johnson-

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ian Gleanings" to him. Also, a little more attention might have been paid to the influences upon Johnson's thinking, or rather the theory of knowledge which underlay the operations of his mind. Krutch cites Hobbes once or twice in this connection, but it would have been more to the point to cite John Locke, who is nowhere mentioned.

To return, for a concluding word, to Boswell—who, both as a rival biographer and as a rival subject of biography, is always something of an embarrassment to recent writers on Johnson—it is apparent that Krutch has little liking for him, notwithstanding a paragraph in the Foreword in which he disclaims any animus. His dislike is not owing to Boswell's moral lapses, but to the rather persistent foolishness which he exhibited in his relations with Johnson. What draws Krutch to Johnson is Johnson's power of mind; what repels him from Boswell is Boswell's lack of it. In view of this dislike it is a pleasure to report that on the whole he has been just to Boswell, and has admirably recorded the complexity of a character which he chooses to describe as that of a "sensation-seeker." Though Boswell was a neurotic, he "could write what is generally regarded as the most remarkable biography in any language because of three characteristics none of which is obviously neurotic: Boswell had a genuine admiration for intellectual greatness; an almost unrivaled sense of what words or gestures or actions reveal personality; and a passionately industrious habit of writing down whatever seemed to him memorable." A more telling summary could hardly have been formulated by the most ardent of Boswell's apologists.

Portrait of a Pioneer Girl

YOUNG'UN. By Herbert Best. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 271 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

HERE is a slender book as fresh, as lovely, as full of natural American color as a birch flaming in the autumn forest; a book with one of the most original and refreshing heroines to step into our recent fiction, placed in an environment as real and clear as imagination conjoined with expert study can make it.

In the first twenty pages of happily-devised narrative the stage is set and the characters are vividly brought before us. He had fought with Robert Rogers's Rangers, had Old Man Post. That was when he was young and single. A ledge above Lake Champlain had caught his fancy; and when he married the shy girl up Saratoga way just after the Revolution, he took her to the country along the lake. He'd call it a farm, set up a cabin, and shoot and trap for a living. But somehow he'd gotten trapped himself. First Ma wanted to make it a real farm. He had to clear and break sod, to plant a corn-patch, to build a lean-to for a cow, to cut hay. When Ma's bit of money went for the plough-team she wanted, that meant more pasture, more chores, and less time for the rifle. Then the babies came—Eldest and Dan'l and Young'un. Life grew toilsome and complicated. Farm neighbors were filtering in, too; that was what came of shooting off the redskins and making the country safe. It was no land at all for any man who loved the open. So Old Man Post ruminated as his oxen, returning from a two-day trip, climbed the slope to home. And then suddenly—woodsmoke; gray ashes, a black ring in the snow where the cabin had been; the three children coming weeping and frightened from the forest to say that Ma had been burned up! Old Man Post stood dazed a few minutes. Then he slung on his bag and horn, shifted his rifle, said "Stay there, son," to Dan'l, and walked northward into the woods.

Shaped by an imagination less warmly creative than Mr. Best's, the story that follows might have been a mere Crusoe-tale, an adventure story of three youngsters battling the wilderness and conquering it. The author lifts it to an altogether higher level by his preoccupation with character. What interests him, and what most poignantly interests the reader, is the development of three human beings, but above all of the bright girl Young'un, under conditions that test every fibre of their brains and bodies, and toughen every element in their characters. Adventure there is in plenty: battles with cold, with hunger, with a stubborn soil, and with all the mischances of the pioneer farmer. The youngsters have their troubles with the rough folk of the community, too. Some of them are just too officiously helpful; some, like the Widow Wilson who wants to make a servant out of Eldest, wish to impose on the trio; one or two men are even dangerous. Young'un shares in many a risky episode, such as the rescue of a trapper sick and snowed-in at his fireless cabin, and the slaying of a bear that robbed the bee-hives. The children even have troubles among themselves, for Dan'l becomes ambitious to make the best farm in the whole neighborhood, and wants them all to subordinate their lives to that aim and to the wait for the father's return. But in the end they win through all hardships and dangers. Dan'l does have the best farm in the township; Eldest, escaping his tyrannous restrictions, marries the preacher and is happy; while Young'un grows into a woman of rare perception, resourcefulness, and wisdom.

This portrait of an unschooled pioneer girl developing from helpless childhood into mature self-sufficiency is the very heart of the book; and it could hardly be better done. She is ignorant of letters and the faraway world of cities; she is countrified and awkward. But she is most thoroughly schooled in the life of forest and field, which Mr. Best describes with a thousand veracious touches. She has mastered the elements of human nature and adjusted herself to every demand of a busy backwoods settlement. She is courageous, tender, and true-hearted. When Pa comes back to pay some old debts and see how the youngsters had fared, he finds that he has nothing to do. They can fend for themselves. The community expects him to be proud. But the observant Young'un alone sees that he is rather hurt. "When they got to telling what a great little farm the Post place had become, hoping to pleasure him, Pa slunk back to his perch on the empty keg. Like he'd fought and been licked. Maybe others didn't see him that way, but a daughter could." To her love affair Young'un brings an equal insight, and her mingled heroism and womanly delicacy help her to win happiness from it.

If Mr. Best's character study is admirable, so is his picture of the Champlain township emerging from forest into farmland. He has mastered the rural speech of the time. He knows the tools, the methods of tillage, the household ways, the proverbs, the occupations, and recreations. His sketch of some of the characters, notably Gunsmith, is veracity itself. Seldom indeed, in any historical item, does he make the slightest slip. His knowledge of the country is that of one who has lived long and fondly in a similar environment. We see the fields, the crude cabin, the lean-to stable, the well-loved oxen Peter n' Paul, the thickets and tall timber, the birds and the beasts. But best of all, the psychology—or to put it more plainly, the ideas, the simple assumptions, and the ways of thought—of the people are just what they should be for the end of the eighteenth century in wilderness America. The book is essentially slight; it is not a novel so much as a study in character and manners; but within its limits it is well-nigh perfect.

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The Curtain Went Up on a Continent

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT. By Lieut. John Mason Brown, USNR. New York: Whittlesey House. 219 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

JOHN MASON BROWN'S experience as a dramatic critic was a peculiarly appropriate preparation for describing and interpreting the current tragedy in Europe. When after Pearl Harbor he was commissioned a lieutenant in the Navy, he acquired in addition the professional background of a naval officer. Fortunately, the substitution of the theaters of operation in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic for the New York theater did not silence this keen and articulate observer. The rare combination of writer, critic, and naval officer had already proved its worth in forming an expert war correspondent. His book "To All Hands" on the Sicilian invasion shows literary distinction, a keen sense of the dramatic, and originality in devising a unique method of reporting the war. His present book is, if anything, more distinguished than its predecessor.

The suspense of Mr. Brown's opening chapter is more compelling than any work of the imagination. The drama commences on Monday, June 5, 1944. Scene an English harbor under heavy gray clouds. The gray ships wait. At last after the painful postponement of departure a voice speaks. It is Mr. Brown addressing the crew of the *U. S. S. Augusta,* where the lieutenant is serving on Vice Admiral Kirk's staff:

> It is here. It has come. It has come at last. . . . The whole wide waiting world hangs upon what will be the outcome of these next few days and nights—the whole wide waiting world and history. The future of the world—its hopes, its decencies, its dreams of freedom, of peace and of order—all these depend, no less than the future of our country, upon what these days and nights bring forth. For this is one of those moments when history holds its breath.

After this prologue, the curtain does not rise immediately on the invasion of Normandy. For many months the American Army has waxed great on British soil. It is well that Mr. Brown considers worth while the telling of the tale of American occupation of Britain. It is a story revealing psychological insight into British and American minds that are among the best pages of the book.

Mr. Brown knows the value of dramatic contrasts. The poignantly beautiful description of a lovely spring in England with its emphasis on the promise of life is in sharp contrast to the harvest of the invasion to come with its promise of death for so many. He knows the value of comic relief. His chapter on a visit to Mr. Shaw may hardly deserve this description, but at all events it is a welcome interlude, similar to Mr. Brown's Botticelli-like Primavera, in the grim story that is unfolded.

The invasion of Normandy as seen first from the *Augusta* and later ashore is of course the climax of the book. It is a magnificent account of this world-shaking combined operation. Mr. Brown's usual point of vantage aboard ship, which he exchanged occasionally for the mud of Normandy, is a comparatively Olympian observation post. His report on the landing and later moves is therefore not of the earth earthy like Ernie Pyle's recently published account. But it is equally moving and it shows the same profound humanity, the same understanding of human nature and of the hardships of war and of the courage and resourcefulness of Americans in action.

This is a book that should live long in American literature and among the primary sources of American history. It is notable as much for its felicitous phrase and its incomparable style as for its insight into the impact of war on the minds and the emotions of men. Mr. Brown's description of what he and other American soldiers and sailors saw and thought and felt during the historic months of preparation in England and during the first days in Normandy makes a book that should last far beyond the ephemera of most reports on the war in Europe.

John Mason Brown

Poet and Portent

EXILE FROM A FUTURE TIME. By Sol Funaroff. New York: Dynamo. 1944. 70 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS posthumous and memorial volume reveals a story of personal courage and impersonal faith. Its author was born in 1911, a product of the East Side tenements. His father died in Palestine, his mother worked in New York sweat-shops; the boy struggled through school and graduated from one degree of poverty to another. He was usually hungry, continually ill. He peddled candy and ice-cream so he could buy books in second-hand bookstores. To keep in touch with the world of action as well as the world of literature—and, incidentally, to keep himself from starving—he worked in factories, grasped at short-lived reportorial assignments, attempted brief and unrewarding editorial jobs.

In spite of all handicaps, he managed to write poetry, some of which can be found in the more militant collections of the period; he founded the Dynamo publications; he won the admiration and support of such poets as Kenneth Fearing, Muriel Rukeyser, Alfred Kreymborg, and Malcolm Cowley. But his body could not live up to the demands of his spirit. For thirty years of his life he was "ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-fed." Before he was thirty-two he died of what the doctors called a rheumatic heart, but it was the hopeless struggle that killed him.

Funaroff would have resented the word "hopeless." He believed in the practicality as well as the practice of poetry. He never wearied of the fight against sloth, injustice, and apathy, the death of the spirit. This posthumous collection proves it. The reader might well skip the opening section, which is a group of blues and other Negro songs in the manner of Langston Hughes. But the rest of the book emphasized not only what Funaroff accomplished but what he might have achieved. Even such poems as "Iron Calf" and "Abandoned Tenement" are as warmly human as they are honest. They are portents as well as poems. Born of the struggles of labor, they reach out beyond the movement to which they were dedicated.

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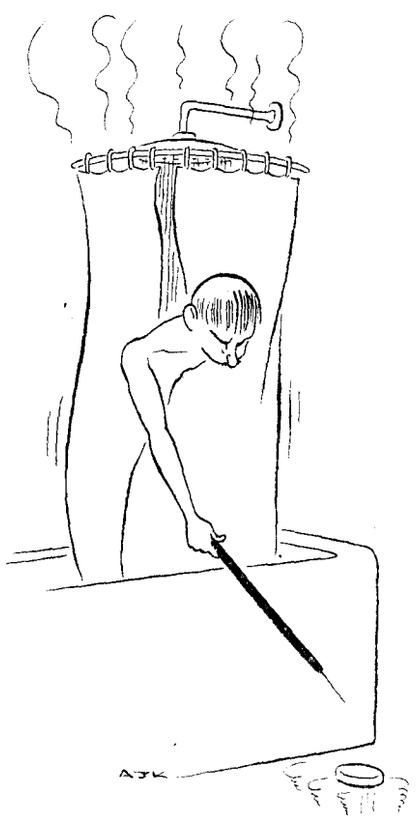
TRADE Winds

OVERWORKED AND understaffed publishing offices are beginning to show definite signs of wear and tear as the fateful year of 1944 draws to a close. Under normal conditions, for instance, a Doubleday editor would undoubtedly have caught Noel Coward's careless and, I think, unintentional affront to the fighting heart of Brooklyn, and blue-pencilled it from the manuscript of "Middle East Diary." In fact, the whole book is so piffling and inconsequential, so unworthy of a man of Coward's ability, that it is hard to see why it was published in America at all. As it is, every gondolier on the Gowanus Canal has transferred the hatred previously reserved for Bill Terry and the New York Giants to Mr. Coward, and if he ever shows his face again on Flatbush Avenue, an aroused citizenry, led by Mayor La Guardia and Brooklyn's publicity-shunning Representative Dickstein, will probably alter his entire design for living. . . . Viking Press, too, pulled a prize boner when it picked the very eve of the Sixth War Bond Drive to advertise Air Marshal Billy Bishop's "Winged Peace" with a Hearstian headline reading "One of aviation's greatest heroes warns us that tomorrow's air age is here! Will we live or die by it? Will we visit London in three hours or bomb Moscow in five?" A deluge of protests took the publishers by surprise. They explained that they merely meant to indicate that the annihilation of time might hasten the processes by which trusted friends become hated enemies. The copy has been revised. . . .

NOT TO BE TOO far above it all, honesty compels me to add that we at Random House last week were busy explaining to the people who had placed 28,000 orders for "Masterpieces of Painting from the National Gallery of Art" the brilliant processes of thinking whereby we ordered a printing of only 10,000 copies last summer. . . . People are tired, and ridiculous mistakes are bound to happen. The man who can keep his temper and sense of humor through it all is the man who is going to enjoy life most when it's on an even keel again. . . . The next time the elevator passes your floor without stopping, remember the observation of Corporal Minetti of Louisville: "I didn't notice no plumbing or lingerie in a foxhole." . . . I, for instance, have practically forgiven the Hotel Drake in Chicago for blandly informing me they had no record of my reservation when I rolled in after a long, tiresome train ride some mornings ago. . . . More about this trip next week. . . .

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Johannes V. Jensen was the new winner of the Nobel Prize took nearly everybody by surprise. The only parties by that name that most people remembered sold silverware on Fifth Avenue or caroled "Jensen Wants to See You" from a rathskeller on Lexington. But dat ole davil Knopf, he knew! Twenty long years ago he had published Jensen's epic novel, "The Long Journey"—in the days when he used to run those hoity-toity ads beginning "Alfred A. Knopf has the honor to present," and when he was building the list that makes him such an outstanding publisher today. "The Long Journey," alas, is out of print, and so is a shorter Jensen novel, "The Fall of the King," published by Holt in 1933. The way printing plants and binderies operate today, no new editions will be available until Spring, and by that time the public, not noticeably aroused to excesses of enthusiasm in the first place, may have forgotten all about the awarding of another Nobel Prize. . . . Jensen, according to "Twentieth Century Authors," is a seventy-one-year-old Dane, who has made several trips to America, and chose Chicago as the locale of two of his early novels. Neither of them was ever translated into English. . . .



BOB CASEY, the colorful Chicago journalist whose "Such Interesting People" (Bobbs-Merrill) is the best book of yarns about the newspaper business in years, was perched on a roof-top near the Place de l'Opera when a volley of rifle shots almost broke up the De Gaulle victory march in Paris. Women shrieked, men rushed for cover, and panic seemed inevitable. Suddenly Casey's stentorian voice rang out above the hub-bub: "Soyez tranquilles! Dans Chicago ce n'est qu'un aperitif!" (Be quiet! In Chicago this sort of thing is nothing more than an appetizer!) That seemed to restore order. Everybody laughed. "Ah oui, de Chicago c'est la mode!" (Ah yes, that's the custom in Chicago) somebody called back. Paris crowds had not forgotten American gangster pictures! Bobbs-Merrill figure that Chicago will forgive Casey for saving the day at the expense of his old home town. . . .

JUST BEFORE the Yanks reached Paris, Paul Gallico and Dick Tregaskis were billeted for the night in a barn outside the suburb of Rambouillet. Neither had slept or even washed for thirty hours. The Nazis were less than two miles away. The correspondents dropped on to their bunks without so much as removing their shoes. They put their pistols within easy reach. Gallico was just dropping off to sleep when he heard a sudden thumping noise. He grabbed his pistol, jumped up, and cried, "Stop in your tracks or I'll shoot." Tregaskis looked at him in surprise. "Gee, Paul," he said, "I didn't mean to disturb you. I'm just doing my daily setting-up exercises." . . .

THE BUSINESS of polling public opinion on everything from book preferences to sex habits has become so profitable and generally accepted that one wonders why the men who have developed it were willing to risk their reputations on so tricky and imponderable a thing as a Presidential election. As a matter of fact, Elmo Roper's prognostications proved uncannily accurate, and Dr. Gallup can truthfully say that he was less than two per cent out of the way. Two per cent error in a vote of fifty million is enough, however, to make the whole laborious and costly effort practically worthless. As late as October 27, for instance, Dr. Gallup listed 255 electoral votes in the Dewey column, and only 202 for President Roosevelt, with seventy in doubt. The man who sells papers on my corner, and couldn't vote because he doesn't know how to read or write, was a more accurate prophet than that! . . . I do not question the

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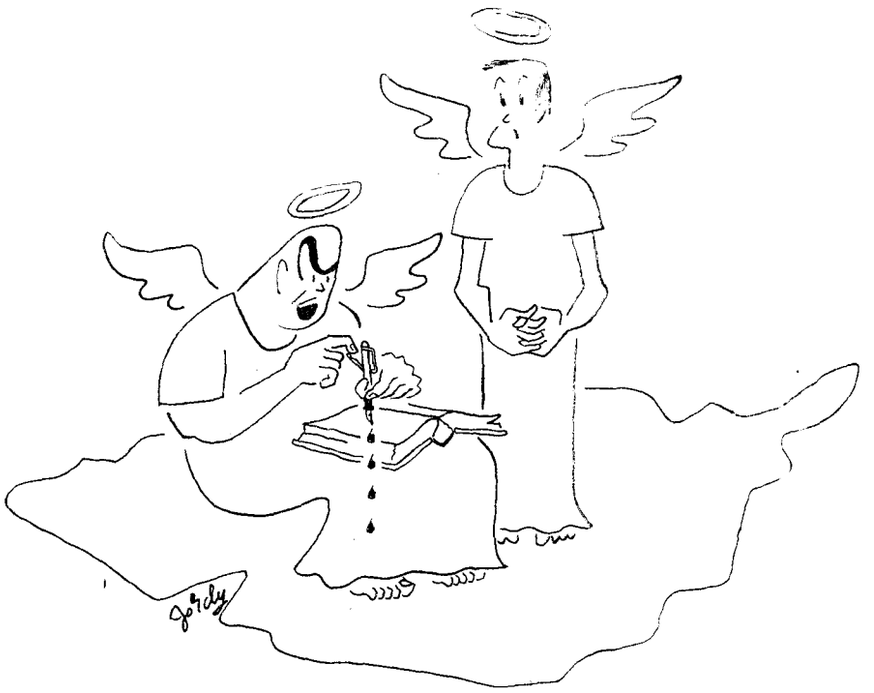

"Guaranteed forever . . . nuts!"

value of poll experts' research in what people like to buy, and why. I simply think they are suckers to stick their necks out in political prophecies—especially when the public preference and the desires of the wealthy interests who make their work possible are so obviously in conflict. . . . Dr. Roper himself, in a letter to *The New Republic,* writes, "I think the prediction of elections is a socially useless function. Marketing research and public-opinion research have demonstrated that they are accurate enough for all possible commercial and sociological purposes. We should protect from harm this infant science, which performs so many socially useful functions, but which could be so wrong in predicting elections, particularly in a year like this." . . . The ludicrous miscalculations of the editors of *Newsweek,* of Mr. Emil Hurja, and John O'Donnell probably will not deter these gentlemen from trying again in 1948. O'Donnell's virulent columns in the *New York Daily News* must have persuaded more independent voters to cast their ballots for F.D.R. than all the campaign speeches and exhortations of Democratic headquarters put together. . . .

AN INTERESTING study of how polling experts go about their work is "What America Thinks," by William Lydgate of the Gallup organization. . . . He comes up with the well-seasoned tale of the boy in the visitors' gallery of the U. S. Senate, who asked the identity of a personage on the floor. "He's the chaplain," explained the boy's father. "Does he pray for the Senators?" inquired the boy. "No, my son," said the father. "He looks at the Senators sitting there, and then he prays for the people." . . .

AN INDIGNANT dowager once demanded of Dr. Gallup to know why she had never been questioned on any subject whatever. "Madam," soothed Gallup, "your mathematical chances of being interviewed are about equal to your chance of being struck by lightning." The lady answered, "I have been struck by lightning." . . .

QUENTIN REYNOLDS insists that one poll was recently conducted to determine why men get up in the middle of the night. Only 2.4%, it developed, really had to get up. 1.6% went prowling around the kitchen to find something to eat. The other 96% got up to go home.

BENNETT CERF.

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PETITE STE. ROSALIE

Father Couture loves a fricassee
Served with a sip of home-made wine,
He is the Curé, so jolly and free
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And lives in Petite Ste. Rosalie.

He kills his chicken himself—*on dit,*
And who is there dare the dead malign?
.....
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*Canadian woman poet.

December

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The Dimensions of Josephus Daniels

THE WILSON ERA: YEARS OF PEACE, 1910-1917. By Josephus Daniels. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1944. 615 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by W. L. WHITE

THERE were giants in those days. Which does not mean that we live in one of pygmies and must look backward into the last war for models of statesmanship. But it does mean that one of the last living members of Woodrow Wilson's cabinet has a story to tell which is vital for our times. And Josephus Daniels in "The Wilson Era" tells it honestly and beautifully in a book packed with sparkling anecdote and shewd observation.

First of all Mr. Daniels is himself a great spirit—a kindly, shrewd, lovable man, a democratic Democrat and a Southern gentleman, a small-town editor, intolerant only of sham and arrogance. He was a great Secretary of the Navy, although this fact was during his term of service largely obscured by partisan clap-trap. But history will say that this country editor did more to mold the traditions of our Navy and blend them with the democracy it serves than any admiral living or dead.

Grape juice was the least of it, and that has been badly distorted. Daniels abolished liquor in Navy wardrooms amid roars of disapproval, charges that this small-town editor was forcing his rural prejudices on a great fighting service. Daniels let them roar. He didn't explain that "after conference with the Surgeon-General, I had . . . read it to President Wilson." For some time a similar order prohibited liquor for enlisted men; the Daniels mandate only extended it to the ward room. "It is not reformatory," screamed the old *New York World,* "it is revolutionary. It is a shameful reflection on a noble profession. We send our officers to sea chaperoned like school girls!" They all missed the point. Daniels did not care what the men did ashore. He was only following the example of every railroad and large industrial corporation which prohibits men from drinking on duty. Three decades later national prohibition has passed into limbo, but Daniels's wise order remains and is unquestioned.

Daniels's first battle was with Admiral Fiske, who wanted the American Navy run on the Imperial German model, which would leave its civilian secretary a mere figurehead, and who drew up a blue print for organization which would "have put the Secretary of the Navy on top of the Washington monument and denied him even telephonic communication with any officer or official in the department except through Operations." Americans, however, have always inclined to the French view, well expressed by Clemenceau, who held that war is too important a matter to be left to the generals, with the result that the little country editor won his battle.

He did no hesitate to get much of his information from enlisted men.

Josephus Daniels

One boy, stationed at Norfolk base, complained that, although he had signed up because posters promised "Enlist in the Navy and See the World," for two years he had been stuck at menial tasks at this base. Daniels provided that every man should have a chance at sea duty which would fulfil the promise of those posters.

Yet some were not anxious for it. Many high officers with socially ambitious wives sought soft berths in Washington. It was Josephus Daniels who laid down the still existing Naval regulation in which no man is eligible for promotion who has not had the requisite amount of sea duty. Hitherto promotion had been according to seniority. Daniels provided that merit and sea duty should determine an officer's rate of advancement.

Finding that many enlisted men were illiterate, he introduced—over violent protests—education in the Navy—as well as laundries.

To all of these innovations, the admirals clamored "It's never been done in the Navy!" They all stand today.

But most valuable to the reader today is Daniels's living first-hand picture of the Wilson cabinet—the men and their problems, which are curiously like our own. Their battle between isolation and intervention was no less bitter than was ours, but there was a different grouping of forces. Wilson himself fought hard against the war currents of those times. Walter Hines Page, his Ambassador to England, was early an interventionist so vehement that Wilson complained he was "Edward Grey's representative, not mine."

The interventionist forces were by and large those of the opposition Republicans; isolationism found its most staunch defender within the Wilson cabinet. Daniels draws a splendid picture of Bryan, who has been badly neglected by history, largely because his really great contributions were obscured by the inept fumbles of his closing years. There is also a vivid portrait of Franklin D. Roosevelt as a rising young New York politician and as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

One of the delights of this volume is its three-dimensional quality. Theoretically it is confined to the first part of the Wilson administration, taking the reader only up to the declaration of war, while the struggle in Europe and later for the League must wait for a later volume. But in point of fact Mr. Daniels's blithe spirit cannot be corseted by any calendar; he reaches freely forward and backward in time to point a moral or select a revealing anecdote, with the result that an entire era comes to life again.

This book is more than a gold mine for future historians; it is most entertaining reading, and its pages are mellowed by the deep and kindly understanding of its author, the wise and friendly little editor who is one of the truly great democratic spirits of our times.

It has been an accidental "tradition" of The Saturday Review *to have Josephus Daniels's books reviewed by the late William Allen White. The tradition passes to the younger generation with this review by his son.*

In Absentia

SONG BY A FARMHOUSE FIRE

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

BURN, faggots, burn,
Why should you care
If the hands which cut you
Should not be there?

Quick flames, mingle
Now yellow, now red,
The ax which chopped you
Still leans in the shed.

Swiftly you leap
Into light and go free—
But the man who split you
Is over the sea.

He is not an axeman
Now as then:
He has starker work
And his thickets are men.

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by AIR MARSHAL *"Billy"* BISHOP, RCAF

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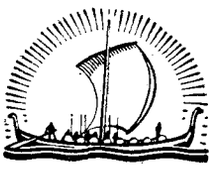

The Viking Press New York

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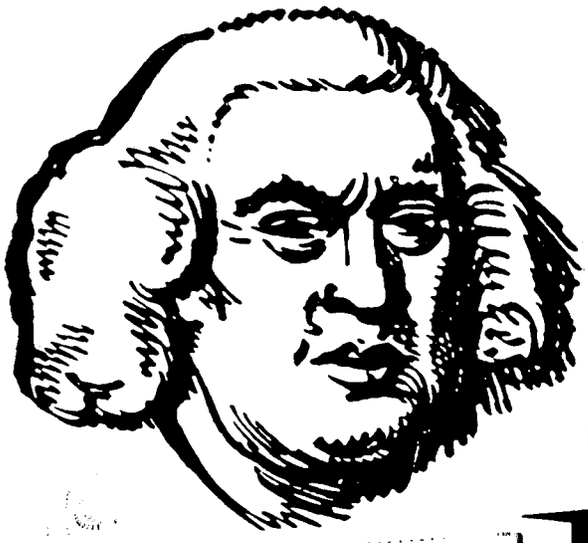

"A masterly biography"

—*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

Samuel Johnson

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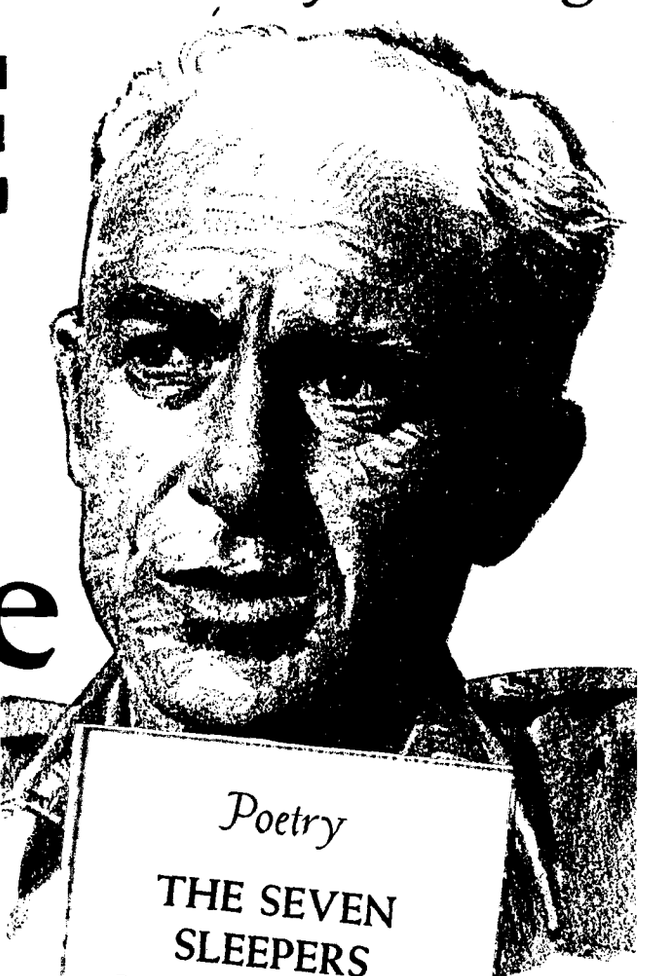

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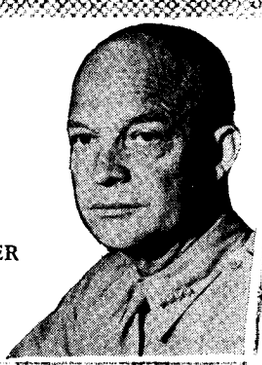

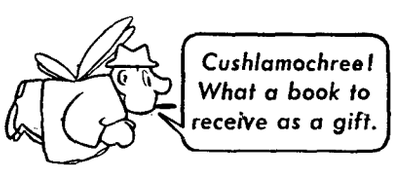

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Letter Writer Extraordinary

THE YALE EDITION OF HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE. Volumes 11 *and* 12. *Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Mary and Agnes Berry and Barbara Cecilia Seton. Edited by W. S. Lewis and A. Dayle Wallace with the Assistance of Charles H. Bennett and Edwine M. Martz. New Haven: The Yale University Press.* 1944. *Vol.* 1, 378 *pp., Vol.* 2, 274 *pp.* $15.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

EVERY additional volume of the Yale Walpole increases our knowledge of the letter writer extraordinary and his times. New material, a new light on old, captures interest at every turn. We study with an excitement that grows the more we know. What appeared trivial detail becomes significant as it links up with what appeared irrelevant. And we share the biologist's enthusiasm who has seen some mysterious gap filled up in the cycle of life.

These two latest volumes are especially satisfactory. Walpole's last decade had a glow over it. And the British critic who with dubious taste characterized him in his last phase as "Methusalem the Golden," is partly justified. Not only are the Berry letters engaging in Walpole's best style, but, by some strange trick of time and fate, they have the unity and suspense of a brilliant psychological novel. It is as if there were absolutely a plot with play and counterplay, tragic action, and comic relief. With one foot in the grave, Walpole is still master of that subdued but shining poetic description which makes his prose radiant but never appears in his verses. And the reader leaps as guiltily as ever at the passages of self-analysis which apply only too readily to most of us. Beyond that it is hard not to be astonished by the prophecies of "the most sociable of recluses" who from his "coffee-house" at Strawberry Hill described the shape of things that were to come out of the black enigma of France with an acumen that might have startled Pitt and Fox, or even Talleyrand.

It's an old, old man who writes these letters. But in the throes of gout and in the tremulous grip of senility (of which he is perfectly conscious) he contrives to keep up his wonted fires. As Mr. Lewis notices in his graceful and diverting introduction, there is an analogy between poor old Walpole's pitiable preoccupation with the Misses Berry and Madame du Deffand's possessive obsession with respect to the Lord of Twickenham in the youthful glory of forty-eight. His emotions may excite sympathy or derision, but in either case they are dreadfully human, even if, like Mr. Lewis, you want to kick him for dozens of paragraphs in which he moans about the dangers his "wives" run as they gallivant through France and Italy. It wasn't the best time to make the Grand Tour. The temperature was rising rapidly in the powder magazine of the National Assembly. But the young ladies and their father seem to have suffered little beyond small Latin discourtesies at frontiers, considerable overcharges for coach fare and at poor inns, minor illnesses, for which, as usual, their correspondent prescribed Doctor James's not necessarily harmless powders, and an injury to Mary Berry's nose when she fell off a bank at Pisa. On all these points, particularly the last, and on the girls' protracted absence, as Mr. Lewis observes and almost everyone will agree, he is sentimentally long-winded and, some might add, affected. But the last stricture can hardly be made good. His "trembling solicitude" about their welfare and whatever concerns them, however high-pitched, is too visibly genuine feeling. The form it takes may at times be ridiculous or overstressed, according to our lights. But it was as real as any emotion that men suffer or enjoy. Though in his earlier years he may have pretended to "merely rational attachments," he was always a prey to such feeling and the fact that it often went hand in hand with "cynical uncomprehension" (as is normal with mankind) is no argument.

As for the two girls, they were evidently quite unusual enough to deserve the value he set upon them. They were well bred, well educated, and quite extraordinarily kind-hearted, although they were ornaments of a cold-blooded society, whose principal interest seemed to be large marriage settlements and what windfalls might be expected from the demise of wealthy relations. Into the bargain they were pleasant to look at, and first-rate talkers. Doubtless Mary was not a literary genius and Agnes was not going to have a room in the National Gallery devoted to her performances, even if Strawberry Hill was full of her labors and in posts of honor too. The young creatures were already formed and delightful characters at twenty-four and twenty-three when Walpole first met them. Blue stockings in a mild way they might be, though not in the right Contagu-Vesey cerulean tradition. And it may be stated with confidence that they were not prudes, if we are to judge by the nature of some of Walpole's innuendos, whose purport will doubtless be missed by the Watch and Ward Society. They found themselves in a somewhat difficult position, for the fact that the oldest Walpole devoutly doted upon them was not lost upon what he called his "nepotism." Some of these last were indecently anxious about the disposition of his fortune and regarded the Berrys as interloping gold-diggers. But they appear to have conducted themselves with such delicacy as to have placated the self-seeking and the avaricious. The fact is they were ladies in the positive sense of the term. And there is something to be said for ladies, in spite of the contemporary tendency to view them with alarm. The persons afflicted by this tendency never have met any.

For the Misses Berry the old man really spread himself. He would perform anything that conduced to their pleasure or mere amusement, except permit them to lead their own lives. There isn't much doubt in the reviewer's mind that the hapless outcome of Mary Berry's love affair with General O'Hara is connected in some way with her sense of obligation to Walpole, which makes the old man's expressions of the most unselfish sentiments clink in a sadly hollow manner. The whole set-up is pathetic in the extreme. They were the bread of life to him. And his existence was mere gout and melancholy when they were not at little Strawberry Hill to listen to his stories and sweeten his days.

Last scene of all! He fades away slowly before your eyes in his "Gothuck" tabernacle. He scribbles to the last, recording in his notes that Malone and Boswell, Alfieri and Bartolozzi, Stothard and Morland have wandered through his gingerbread Palace of Art, not to mention haycarts full of the House of Hanover. Everything interests or at least engages his fleeting fancy. He sketches Miss Gunnings's incredible pincer movement against two marquises at once with all the verve of his prime. Even the more distressing pages have their gleams of "leaf gold." He is naturally preoccupied with his health and growing feebleness which makes him hesitate to expose his "antiquity to giggledom." And he is resentful at having an evening broken up by the "whole cackle-hood from the palace." Nevertheless he can still look at the great world in the full process of vehemently accelerating change, and seems to have suspicions that some giant tyrant may arise in France. When he died the rumor of Rivoli must have been echoing in every drawing-room he knew and Bonaparte was in the ascendant. Yet he still loves the little. A piece of gossip to the effect that he himself is seriously ill, and in fact dead, reaches

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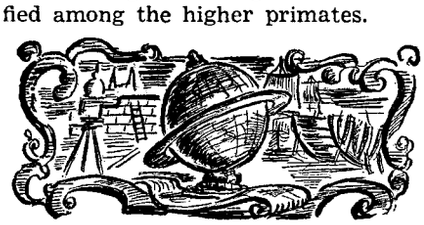
him, and he anticipates Mark Twain: "I have seen myself every day and know nothing of any illness. . . . I cannot believe there is any truth in these reports." And in one flash he unveils the whole mystery of his art, saying himself what has been said about him a hundred times since: "I write to you two just as I should talk —the only comfortable kind of letters." One isn't at all sure that one doesn't prefer the exigent old invalid, weak, failing, and (saddest of fates) hopelessly dependent for spiritual support on those younger than himself, to the easy, gay, triumphant Walpole of Otranto, hitting off absurdity for Gilly Williams, writing contes rendus of English political comedy or tragedy for Mann, and as we must, I fear, infer from her letters, on occasion taking the skin off the back of his "dear old Frenchwoman."

The editing of the Berry correspondence is up to the remarkable standard of the preceding volumes. The reviewer ought to be diffident at this point, because he finds himself quite unnecessarily alluded to in the acknowledgments in connection with some trifling suggestions. The work errs on the whole on the side of thoroughness. One or two passages whose mystery is still mystery to the reviewer are not elucidated by notes. Perhaps they could not be. But for the most part one stares and gasps at the industry and ability which has explored every source which lights up any creature or circumstance mentioned by Walpole. Out of "the shadow and the dust" the eighteenth century recreates itself solidly under our astonished noses. It is easy to believe that we are in a position to understand that tract of time better than succeeding scholars will know, or care to know, the region which we inhabit. We may have invented the airplane and smashed the atom into its original smithereens. But, though I would not be understood as running down our fearful and fascinating epoch, a thousand biographers and ten thousand studies, economical, psychological, geopolitical, or what have you, do not add up to a picture of a period such as the frivolous, commonsensical, toploftical, humble, easy-going, severe, self-indulgent, charitable, sentimental-cynical, and cynical-sentimental Horace Walpole left to be the despair of any imitator and the delight of every reader with intelligence enough to be classified among the higher primates.



The Making of a Democratic Power

CHINA TAKES HER PLACE. By Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 276 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

DESPITE China's travail, in recent days more bitter than ever, Mr. Crow is calmly confident of the future. In all its long history, he says, the country has never been afflicted with so many simultaneous misfortunes; but it will recover quickly, it will not go Communist, it will eventually become democratic, industrialized, and a world power.

From twenty years' experience in China as a journalist and advertising man Mr. Crow sketches the history that began with the fall of the Manchu dynasty in 1911. It emerges with amiable simplicity in blunt, homely writing, with plenty of the personal color dear to American readers and with a certain mellow detachment that time and perspective bring to old opinions and prejudices.

In general, Mr. Crow's point is that, while China may look hopeless to newcomers and outsiders, to an old China hand there has been steady advance and every hope that the steady advance will continue.

> I cannot do otherwise than judge China by her accomplishments, by the progress I have seen her make during a period of more than a quarter of a century. That progress has been consistent, often under conditions that would have broken the spirit of a people with less courage and determination. . . . China is confident of her future and so are most of the foreigners, who, like myself, have witnessed the progress of the past thirty years. There may be troubled days ahead, but nothing can gainsay the fact that China is a continent and a civilization—a self-respecting and industrious people who are moving forward.

Mr. Crow knew Sun Yat-sen, admired him, and at one period interviewed him every week. "For a Chinese," he says, "he was remarkably, abnormally, guileless. Also for a Chinese, he was remarkably devoid of a sense of humor. . . . While he talked frankly, he did not always talk consistently." At first Sun espoused Marxism, then, after reading the obscure work of a New York dentist, changed his mind, providing one of the bases for the Communist-Kuomintang controversy. Says Mr. Crow: "One of history's many minor tragedies lies in the fact that this great patriot worked so hard and so long to achieve unity in China and then made the greatest possible contribution toward disunity by his initial support of socialism and his later repudiation of the Marxist idea."

The author is dead set against the Communists but not to the point of irrationality. He found the reports of writers praising Yenan were "all perfect, too perfectly perfect to be wholly convincing," but he devotes a chapter to a not unfriendly discussion of Chinese Communist aims. He points out that it is a "party of peasant farmers rather than workmen" and he believes that there is no connection between the Soviet Union and the Chinese party. The Chinese, he says, pooh-pooh talk of a civil war and, for that matter, Mr. Crow firmly believes that China will never follow blindly any foreign ideology.

He defends the Kuomintang as a necessary dictatorship in war and seems convinced that it will give up its powers to the new constitution when the war is over.

> There is, in my mind, no doubt but that the government of China will eventually be democratic. It would be idle to pretend that it is at the present time and incorrect to assume that the present government sets a pattern for the future. . . .

For Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang he has almost lyrical admiration, concluding that "a century from now they will be enshrined as gods and millions as yet unborn will burn incense to the memories of the most famous married couple in the long and romantic history of China." However, he does mention that the Generalissimo is "noted for his brusqueness rather than his tact," an observation that might be pondered in these days when it is currently ascribed to General Joseph Stilwell.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

16. ARNOLD: "Requiescat."
10. BLAKE: "The Lamb."
1. BROWN: "My Garden."
19. CARMAN: "A Vagabond Song."
8. DICKINSON: "Chartless."
14. DRAYTON: "Love's Farewell."
18. FIELD: "Little Boy Blue."
15. FROST: "Mending Walls."
11. HOWE: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
3. KEATS: "Bright Star! Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art."
17. LONGFELLOW: "The Rainy Day."
2. MILLER: "Columbus."
20. NOYES: "The Barrel Organ."
6. SHELLEY: "The Cloud."
9. SOUTHEY: "The Battle of Blenheim."
7. THOMPSON: "The Hound of Heaven."
4. WILDE: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."
12. WOLFE: "The Burial of Sir John Moore."
5. WOODWORTH: "The Old Oaken Bucket."
13. WORDSWORTH: "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways."

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Roundup of the New Poetry

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE title makes this sound like a corral-full of little pegasi, which is a pretty thought, but entirely inaccurate. Several of the books I shall mention have previously met a fate unkind and undeserved. They should have been reviewed long before. Their merits called for it. A number are distinctly out of the pony class, some notable as literature. At this writing there are still certain books of importance distributed among reviewers whose comments have not yet come in. These include volumes by "H. D.," Theodore Morrison, Babette Deutsch, Langston Hughes, Rolfe Humphries, Robert Lowell, the late Anna Hempstead Branch, August Derleth, George Abbe, Robert Francis, Oliver St. John Gogarty, John Pudney, and others. Recently books by Marguerite Young and Dilys Bennett Laing have been reviewed by one of the best of our younger poets, John Frederick Nims; and the poet Louise Townsend Nicholl has pronounced upon three others. In this issue Horace Gregory should be evaluating the latest books by W. H. Auden, E. E. Cummings, and William Carlos Williams. The New Directions quintet of "Five Young American Poets" is being attended to by Allan Block. The following, then, is only a partial survey of some of the books of the season and of the past months.

To take the veterans first, Leonard Bacon's "Day of Fire" is one of the books which should have been reviewed some time ago. The title is taken from a military term meaning one unit's supply of ammunition for a day. The poems have been written in the shadow of wartime. My chief objection to the book is the obstructive type-face that the Oxford Press has chosen, in which the capitals do not seem to belong to the lower-case, and the visual impact of them is constantly coming between the reader and the verse. This is certainly no fault of the poet. Leonard Bacon, always an extraordinarily gifted satirical poet, has grown as a lyrist during past years. His verse here is terse and noble. There is anger in it, and pity, and irony, and dry humor. Often lines strike home. A portrait on page 25, "Down Hill," which to many of my age must come with a devilish nudge, is unforgettable; and has nothing to do with the war. "The Place of Echoes" is also too true to be comfortable. Bacon's attitude toward the war is stoic and Spartan. He has made succinctly some of the best of observations concerning these evil days. "The Children," "Grieved Men," "Easter Evening, 1942," "Lovely Earth" are four of his best. He is a traditional poet of rhyme and metre. He can speak truth as directly and compactly as this, in "The Children":

Yet do not mock us. We are the mad, whose madness
Loosed what was not desired
By us, who now must disappear in sadness,
Embittered, tired,
Though, in our failure, never at all forgetting
What it is that endures,
We, by prevision, while our sun was setting,
Imagined yours. . . .

When Jim Boyd died there died a fine novelist and a good poet. He was an unusually brave man. In his foreword to "Eighteen Poems" by James Boyd, Paul Green, the dramatist, tells us that "James Boyd loved this land and its people and in loving he wrote well." After a long and honorable career as a novelist he began writing poetry when he had turned fifty. In "The Black Boys," "Song for the Silent," and "Echoes of Earth" he caught the feel of his own North Carolina. Here are the last four lines from "Song for the Silent":

But when through roads by ghosts of soldiers haunted
The crippled boys come back to mule and star,
If they shall miss the brotherhood they wanted
Our leaders may learn who the silent are.

I like to remember that one summer up on Cape Ann I read from the same platform with Jim Boyd in a War Bond Drive. He read grimly and movingly. He was a man we could ill afford to lose.

Russell W. Davenport's "My Country" has been so advertised and front-paged and acclaimed, that there is little I can add. The spirit of the poem, and what it says, is all to the good. I am glad that a man like Davenport has spoken of his country (to use words of Leonard Bacon's) with "vehemence and love." You cannot write of immediate and vital concerns without rhetoric. If you are writing to be understood of the people you cannot indulge in subtleties or abstruse imagery. You are doing an entirely different kind of thing. Mr. Davenport's poem, as Miss Thompson says so well in the opening article of this issue, was wrung from him by the agony of the world today and it has that impact. He is a force in the America of today, and I thank God for it. He has possessed craftsmanship enough in verse to rouse the ordinary reader with this poem. What we need now, for the future, is action following on vision.

I was familiar in manuscript with the poems of Walter Mehring translated from the German by S. A. de Witt. For fifteen years Walter Mehring was collaborating editor of *Weltbühne,* a liberal anti-Nazi magazine edited by Carl von Ossietzky who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace while dying in a German concentration camp. Mr. Mehring reached this country, after various vicissitudes, in 1941. "No Road Back," which Mr. de Witt has generously translated as a labor of love, should really be read in the original to get its full value. It is the impressive odyssey of a refugee, and both German and English text are supplied in the book. Bertolt Brecht is another exiled anti-Nazi writer, one of the greatest, and New Directions has published his documentary play, "The Private Life of the Master Race," as well as other of his plays in verse and prose. His ballads and satires are to be brought out in 1945. He writes here of "the spiritual horror and degradation that is bred by Fascism." He is translated by Eric Russell Bentley.

Macmillans in Canada have brought out "Collected Poems," by the leading Canadian poet, E. J. Pratt, but as Alfred A. Knopf is to publish him later in the United States, a review of this extraordinary book may wait till then. Oscar Williams has included, in his series of annual anthologies of modern poetry, "New Poems for 1944," including poems from the armed forces. Anyone wishing to keep abreast of modern poetry should possess this volume. Poems are included by the late John Peale Bishop, Conrad Aiken, Auden, Cummings, Marianne Moore, Jeffers, Muriel Rukeyser, Wallace Stev-

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ens, and many other notables. Mr. Williams also includes more poems by himself than by most of the others, including Marguerite Young.

Three of the remaining books in my lot have distinction. Muriel Rukeyser's "Beast in View" (title from Dryden) is tragic and moving. Her "Eighth Elegy: Children's Elegy" of a series she has been doing, the first of which appeared in her former volume "A Turning Wind," is documented from actual cries of loss from the war's children of today, though that is merely a detail. The introductory poem to her book is extremely beautiful, and one of the poems that I have returned to, for its absolute magic, is "Evening Plaza. San Miguel." Sometimes, I admit, I lose the thread in other poems and, much as I desire to, cannot follow. But Miss Rukeyser is always a full-armored poet. Her "Ajanta" is strange and haunting. "Minotaur" is deeply impressive. I should like to quote VII from "Letter to the Front," as one of the bravest poems of the war:

To be a Jew in the twentieth century
Is to be offered a gift. If you refuse,
Wishing to be invisible, you choose
Death of the spirit, the stone insanity.
Accepting, take full life. Full agonies:
Your evening deep in labyrinthine blood
Of those who resist, fail, and resist; and God
Reduced to hostage among hostages.

The gift is torment. Not alone the still
Torture, isolation; or torture of the flesh.
That may come also. But the accepting wish,
The whole and fertile spirit as guarantee
For every human freedom, suffering to be free,
Daring to live for the impossible.

You have to give full and careful attention to Muriel Rukeyser's idiom, but her poetry is living and growing.

The jacket of "The Phoenix and the Tortoise," by Kenneth Rexroth, tells us that his poetry has evolved from an early use of dissociative technique and that, as well as being a poet, he is also a painter and mountaineer. Part of his book is devoted to translations, imitations, and the classicist paraphrase. The title poem deals, as the author himself tells us in an introduction, with "the supernatural identification of self with the tragic unity of creative process," all the way from the geological past to "atomization versus autonomy." Very intellectual and metaphysical! A shorter poem illustrates his theory of love's evolution from lower to higher. If you are inclined toward long philosophical poems and classical paraphrase you will like Rexroth's work which has both skill and dignity. Marya Zaturenska, already with an established reputation, once a Pulitzer Prize winner, gives us a musical and dreamlike poetry out of the past in "The Golden Mirror." There are some awkwardnesses, such as the conjoint use of "Thy" and "You" in the beginning of "The Encounter." If this was intentional it does not seem to make its point; and surely Miss Siddall's name was spelt with a double D. Where Marie Bashkirtseff and Elizabeth Siddall glide into several of the poems it is hard to distinguish them for themselves. They rather seem to speak as Miss Zaturenska. Cowper and Rousseau come through more clearly. This poet certainly has a way with cadence, but I could quarrel with her vocabulary. Epithet and phrase leave something to be desired. "All is Well with the Child" is, however, a moving poem of experience in which everything falls simply right. I think, too, that this poet is at her best in such a poem as her charming "The Princess and the Lamb," addressed to a fine English poet, Ruth Pitter, and written in London, or in "Epitaph for a Careless Beauty." Her poetry is not of this hot and harried modern time, but exists, for the most part, in an atmosphere of faint perfumes and echoes.

Of the collections, Mr. Auden has given us a selection from the Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson, on the whole good, save for the interminably boring "The Two Voices" (so much bettered by Lewis Carroll's "The Three Voices," A. B. Frost's immortal illustration to same being one of two inset illustrations of the small volume, the other being the drawing by Max Beerbohm of Mr. Tennyson reading to this Sovereign!) Auden's introduction is original and interesting. The poetry of Dorothy Parker is now available in a collected volume comprising "Death and Taxes," "Sunset Gun," "Enough Rope," and additional poems, a Modern Library volume.

F. O. Matthiessen has made a selection of Herman Melville's poems for New Directions, at least a good introduction to the undervalued poetry of that writer. "Poems from the Desert," by Members of General Montgomery's Eighth Army, are by the fighting men.

Ada Jackson's "Behold the Jew" was in England the Greenwood Prize Poem for 1943, and is to me an eloquent and moving expository plea by a Gentile which should be widely read. Other books of recent verse I may list here as worth at least your glance are: "Beginning with Plato," by Joseph Warren Beach, "A Soldier's Diary," by Charles Norman, "Give Joan a Sword," by Sister M. Thérèse, "Free Enterprise," by Mary Ballard Duryee, "Half the Music," by Bianca Bradbury, "Delay Is the Song," by Rosamond Haas. "Emerge with the Swallow," by Henry Dierkes, and "The Sealed Well," sonnets by Grant C. Knight.

Books reviewed above: "Day of Fire," by Leonard Bacon; Oxford; $2. "Eighteen Poems," by James Boyd; Scribners; $1.75. "My Country. A Poem of America," by Russell W. Davenport; Simon & Schuster; $1.50. "No Road Back," by Walter Mehring; Samuel Curl, Inc.; $2. "The Private Life of the Master Race," by Bertolt Brecht; New Directions; $2.50. "New Poems. 1944. An Anthology of American and British Verse," edited by Oscar Williams; Howell, Soskin; $3. "Beast in View," by Muriel Rukeyser; Doubleday, Doran; $2. "The Phoenix and the Tortoise," by Kenneth Rexroth; New Directions; $2.50. "The Golden Mirror," by Marya Zaturenska; Macmillan; $1.75; "A Selection from the Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson," with an introduction by W. H. Auden; Doubleday, Doran; $3. "The Collected Poetry of Dorothy Parker," The Modern Library; 95c; "Herman Melville. Selected Poems," New Directions; $1; "Poems from the Desert," Harper; $1.75; "Behold the Jew," by Ada Jackson; Macmillan; $1. "Beginning with Plato," by Joseph Warren Beach; University of Minnesota Press; $2. "A Soldier's Diary," by Charles Norman; Scribners; $1.75. "Give Joan a Sword," by Sister M. Thérèse; Macmillan; $1.50. "Free Enterprise," by Mary Ballard Duryee; The Fine Editions Press; $1; "Half the Music," by Bianca Bradbury; The Fine Editions Press; $2. "Delay Is the Song," by Rosamund Haas; Dutton; $2. "Emerge with the Swallow," by Henry Dierkes; La Porte, Indiana, 153 Garden Street; $1.50. "The Sealed Well," by Grant C. Knight; The Fine Editions Press; $1.

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By Melville Cane

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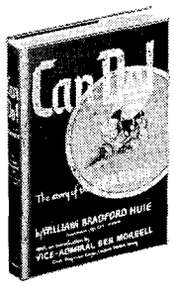

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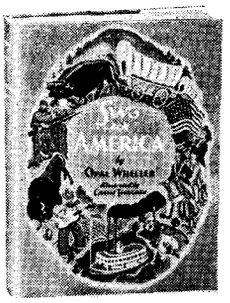

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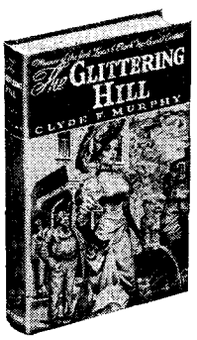

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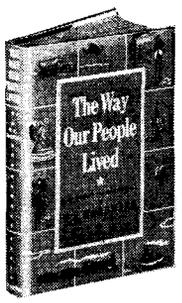

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Brilliance and Unconvention

FOR THE TIME BEING. By W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 1944. 132 *pp.* $2.50.

I x I. By E. E. Cummings. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1944. 50 *pp.* $2.

THE WEDGE. By William Carlos Williams. Cummington, Mass.: Cummington Press. 1944. $3.

Reviewed by HORACE GREGORY

AMONG the books before me is a particular volume, W. H. Auden's "For the Time Being," and if one accepts a definition of a genius as being the spirit of a given time and place, Mr. Auden is one, and the time is any moment between nineteen thirty and now. This is to say that his poetry bears a strong kinship to the prose of Evelyn Waugh and Christopher Isherwood and Graham Greene, for it belongs to the particular world that is reflected in their novels. That world began in the British "public" schools and universities, and expanded rapidly, with its places of reference in Spain of the Civil War, of London, of Berlin, of Iceland, of China, of Hollywood, and of New York—and one might almost say that the week-ends of this particular world were spent at some newly discovered fashionable resort. To the reader the vicarious, and sometimes superficial, charm of Mr. Auden's poetry is travel, and the sensation is one of being in the right night club, whether in New York or in London at the right moment; and if one's fancy is given to travels of another kind, travels into the regions of Freud, of Kafka, of Rilke, of Henry James, of Kierkegaard, and of C. S. Lewis who wrote "The Allegory of Love," the pleasure is of the same vicarious order. In Mr. Auden's books, the names of writers are very like place names, and they are given that momentary flash of brilliance which is associated with those signs, illuminated by the headlights of a car at night, saying "curve ahead," or "one way road," or "drive slow," as the car rushes on. In common daylight and on the same road the signs are less impressive; but after midnight and at more than war-time speed, they generate excitement and a sense of danger—and it is that kind of impressionistic brilliance with which Mr. Auden endows the mention of Shakespeare's "The Tempest" and "A Christmas Oratorio" in "For the Time Being."

In actuality the book is a collection of lyrics, half of which are grouped under the title, "For the Time Being, a Christmas Oratorio," and the first half under "The Sea and the Mirror," a commentary on Shakespeare's "The Tempest." And since Mr. Auden is essentially a lyric poet—and incidentally, a master of true light verse—the present book is in a far more fortunate vein than his long poem of some seventeen hundred lines, "The Double Man." Because of his gifts for writing lyric verse, it should surprise no one that Mr. Auden has recently edited a new selection of Tennyson's poetry, for Mr. Auden's poetry, aside from his own presence and the place names within it, owes its existence to the traditional being of British lyric verse. As a lyric poet the quality of his best verse is closer to Tennyson's than it is to Hopkins's or to Keats's; Mr. Auden's verse has its eye and its ear to the moment of its publication with much the same conscious timing that Tennyson's verse possessed, it has the same ease of manner and lightness of tone, and Tennyson wrote at the height of fashion for his day with something of the same facility that Mr. Auden writes today. Beyond this, all resemblance ceases, and the great difference is one of personal legend as well as Tennyson's ability to sustain at length the quality of his lyrical gifts in "In Memoriam."

It is the Tennyson of "Locksley Hall" and of "Maud" that Mr. Auden has consciously parodied and emulated, and the difference in language and in manner are among the many changes that have taken place in the last hundred years. In Mr. Auden's "The Sea and the Mirror," the best lyric is, I think, Gonzalo's song which, for all its Yeatsean overtones, has the same Audenesque felicity that entered his earlier book of lyrics, "On This Island." The long prose passage in "The Sea and the Mirror, Caliban to the Audience," is decidedly less memorable, but it is good entertainment because one enjoys the figure of Auden-Caliban speaking in the rhythms of Henry James's prose. It is excellent acting, and as it presents half-truths with a knowing air, it is both sentimental and hard-boiled. "A Christmas Oratorio" has a fine Solo and Chorus and the concluding stanza of Mary's song at the manger is in the accents that many of us are likely to remember. But is the Oratorio devotional verse? Not quite—which is to say that much of it is good Auden, but this also implies that it has not the art, the same depth of feeling which is conveyed to the reader of T. S. Eliot's "Ash Wednesday."

E. E. Cummings's " I x I" has a lyrical distinction that is both like and unlike Mr. Auden's poetry. It is like in the sense that it exists within the same tradition of lyrical poetry, but if anything, Mr. Cummings's conventions are more rigidly upheld. His art is the art of burlesque, and his lan-

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DAUGHTER has a book after her own heart, a dizzy and delightful tale of two city wives struggling with nature on a Maine farm while their husbands are overseas. What else could it be but **THE GALS THEY LEFT BEHIND,** by **Margaret Shea?** It's the gayest, most heart-warming book of the year on the home front, with 24 charming line drawings by **Bek Files.** ($2.00)

SON is home on furlough, and he's taking time off from festivities to read **PRODIGAL GENIUS,** by **John J. O'Neill,** the fascinating biography of an amazing scientist—**Nikola Tesla,** the Yugoslav-American inventor whose discoveries in the basic principles of power literally electrified the world and whose brilliant and eccentric personality gives to his life story the thrilling quality of strange romance. ($3.75)

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guage is the best language of its kind (there is only one E. E. Cummings) writing lyric poetry in English today. He has never violated one of his own typographical conventions, and they are less frightening today and demand less explanation than they did some fifteen years ago, and for that reason it is probably more obvious than ever before that Mr. Cummings's love lyrics are among the best and are perhaps the finest that the present age, wars or no wars, has had the good fortune to read and to enjoy. His "I x I" contains love songs and sonnets that are very nearly certain to outlast the present season, and his observation "true wars are never won" will probably come to light again after the future peace terms are signed. The gifts and the wit that Mr. Cummings's poetry possesses have the youthful charm and the freshness that are perpetually rediscovered in reading sixteenth century verse; in reading Mr. Cummings's songs and sonnets one is refreshed by the revival of courtly music and compliment, of poetic wit, and the art of burlesque that Italian players brought into being with the Commedia del Arte.

William Carlos Williams's beautifully printed little book has received less notice than any of the volumes in the present listing, and while I believe that it needs neither apology nor defense, the lack of notice should not be held against it. Perhaps some people thought that the large book, "The Complete Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams," published a few years ago, was, somehow, a definitive and final volume, but, of course, that was not the case at all. "The Wedge" is probably the best of Dr. Williams's single books of poetry, and the kind of poetry that it contains exists independently of what is read in fashion or out of fashion, but it has the currently unfashionable character of being without rhymes. It is formal, unrhymed verse; and at its best it is written with more firmness and more control than most of the poetry that makes an ostentatious claim to being "conventional." Dr. Williams's poems are "in the American grain" and they are closer to the sources of life itself and of poetry than any other of the poems mentioned in this review. At each rereading the book improves, and there are five poems in it, "The Dance," "In Sisterly Fashion," "Burning the Christmas Greens," "Raleigh Was Right," and "The Monstrous Marriage," which are self-contained and complete, nor should we forget still another poem, "The Hounded Lovers." What I am saying is that one rereads Dr. Williams's poems for the delight of seeing more of the world in which we live, and of ourselves.

A Far-Flung Quintet

FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS. New York: New Directions. 1944. 215 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN BLOCK

NEW DIRECTIONS has chosen a far-flung quintet in their third series of young American poets. At first glance all seem illusory, but later five distinct social abstractions emerge—abstractions because in the long run none fits perfectly his definition. John Frederick Nims is a genuine poet. Eva Merriam is a protracted ego in search of method; Tennessee Williams is a lyric purist in search of dogma; Alejandro Carrion is a sensualist-interpreter in search of poetry; and Jean Garrigue is an imagist-heroine in search of politics.

John Frederick Nims comes nearest to poetry because he tries least to hold our attention. He is clearly interested in providing a logical eyepiece through which conclusions can be drawn. Yet his point of view is cleverly withheld. We see Nims only through the structural identity of his verse with the space and time materials of society. He may disapprove but he does not indict. He may praise but he does not persuade. His images come through him, not from him, and the result is a form toward which he is at once intrinsic and detached. Nims needs no opera glass, no kaleidoscope. He has restricted his subject matter to the world of natural objects at his elbow, any of which from pole vaulters to the business cycle he may suddenly consider an exciting aspect of reality. What he sees is a mosaic of fortune and frailty, beach umbrella and thigh-slapping waitress, Dusenberg and Sinatra-worship, through "the brain tight crumple of Aladdin blueprint." Perhaps the key word to Nims is his own word—Mozartean. At any rate, it is the condition to which he tends. He is beautifully attentive to detail. His poems are earmarks of today.

Nims, although it is foolish to refer to him as symptomatic, represents a growing concern in modern poetry with the single, exterior subject, seen through and given force by the exact meanings of words. In contrast to the four other poets in the anthology, Nims alone suffuses the feeling of the roughness, the specificity, the individuation of the world. He is the only poet of the five who admits in his preface that it is hard to write a poem, that it is a time-consuming task based on time-ordered experiences, and that it

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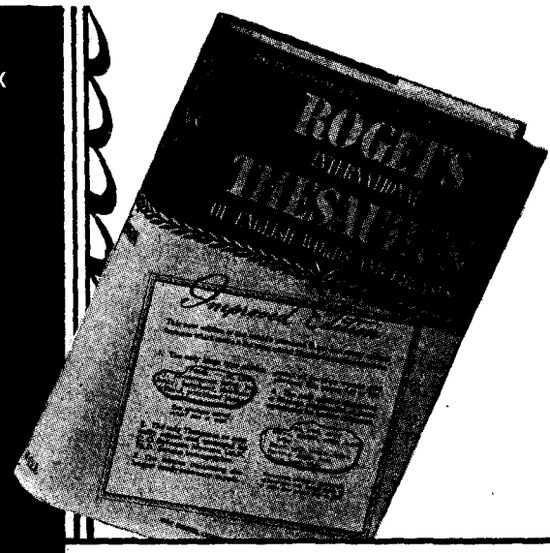

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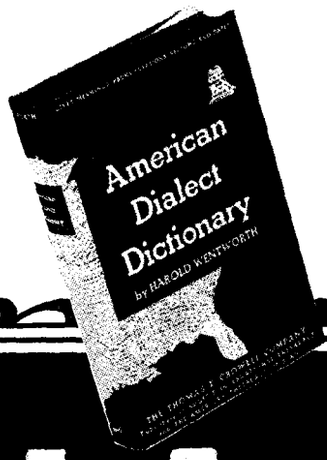

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is antithetical to the human situation. Although many of his poems appear in the form of portfolios, sketches, and "blueprints" with titles such as "Dollar Bill," naming the actual object to be studied, Nims is distinguished from mere reportage or mere architecture by his skill of locating through "the brain's tight crumple" the position of a poetic object in time and space. He sees not only with the eye-within-event, but also with the eye-immune-to-event, and these two eyes focus on memory, or the recapitulation of experience.

The eye-immune is that which gives diverse elements in the world a metrical position in terms of the memory, and the eye-within is that which gives actual visual boundaries to the object under scrutiny. Nims excites me because his relation of word to meter is almost identical to my relation of reality to memory. That he is constantly moving on to new word-meter associations shows that he is excited by many different aspects of the same reality, but more important, that his sensibility can apply them all simultaneously and almost mutually to the faculty of memory. For instance, in his poem, "Colt Automatic," he introduces a profusion of associations, none of which follows literally from its predecessor. "My gun," he writes, "is algebra, poetics, and love's image," and he goes on to call it a dozen other things, some of which like "terror of fire and motion," and "new friend" are contradictory. Here the concept is drawn that contradiction is an exciting aspect of a very sharp reality, poetic truth. Later in the same poem, regarding us as he does the gun, he sees "at the belt a rare and terrible angel." Nims's skill is in making us recognize, as though it were another visual image applied to memory, the terminology of the poetic object. We become conscious of heightened language as movement in space.

John Frederick Nims's preference for the Mozartean structure over the "Wagnerian yowl" does not always emerge as a criterion in his poems. In fact, amid innumerable yowls, it is often entirely irrelevant. He is limited in the number of rhythms he can make us see at the same glance. He lacks counterpoint. But even without the "alladin blueprint" he is warming. In his appetite for undiluted blood and bones, Nims sometimes misses poetry, approaches fetish.

Jean Garrigue should not, perhaps, be dismissed here, because she has written some successful poems, including "Double Exposure of the Face" and "For All My Friends," in which she assures, "I will dramatize my patience till the time when common speech may purify." But it is precisely her drama which fails, both as poetry and as psychology; and her speech which is common enough to purify but not to educate. It is fraught with such interludes as "Postponement is living," "Repentance is the way we learn to die," and "We must . . . abstract and confine almost all, to live." Suspicious of these bits, the reader may grow more wary when she makes (this time) the inoffensive observation, "the fur-clad rich are lonely." Perhaps they are not lonely at all, and deserve their furs.

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(*Continued from page* 14)

and two of our inherited authors go back to the Bible for their material, Sholem Asch in "The Apostle" (Putnam), and Thomas Mann in "Joseph the Provider" (Knopf), while Margaret Landon turns to the Orient for the colorful content of her "Anna and the King of Siam" (Day).

One of the most notable features of current American fiction is the fact that there is manifesting itself a serious interest in what will undoubtedly be a matter of prime importance in the post-war world of the United States as well as abroad—the racial issue. There are three novels, all of them books of high voltage as fiction as well as of significance as presenting the question of racial animosities, which stand out as marking the entrance of this problem into today's literature as a thesis of importance. The first, Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit" (Reynal & Hitchcock), which shows the white man in his juxtaposition to the Negro woman in the only sort of relationship which the mores of the South make possible, aroused a great deal of discussion on the part of more earnest readers before the ban which the Boston censorship placed upon it brought it a wider public than normally it would have achieved. The second, Gwethalyn Graham's "Earth and High Heaven" (Lippincott), a Canadian novel, succeeded in the difficult feat of handling the problem of intermarriage between Jew and Gentile so that its thesis in no way militated against the entertainment value of a book which was distinguished by spontaneous and entertaining dialogue and wise understanding. The third, Margaret Halsey's "Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers" (Simon & Schuster), under a manner that is gay, light, and sparkling—the book crackles with witty lines—hides not only a profound and disturbed concern but genuine penetration and a crusading zeal.

Poetry, perhaps because the poets like all the rest of thinking and feeling mankind are engrossed above all else by the war, has had nothing of major importance in the field of epic or lyrical verse to its credit during the past year. It has, however, produced considerable impassioned and challenging work characterized by emotion and idealism. We leave it to the round-up of poetry on other pages of this issue to comment on specific volumes of poetry which have appeared.

The interest so marked in recent years in biography and history still persists. In the field where the two meet, an outstanding volume was Douglas Southall Freeman's "Lee's Lieutenants" (Scribners), Vol. III in his Civil War series, which covers the period from Gettysburg to Appomatox. Robert S. Henry produced an interesting biography of another Civil War officer in "'First with the Most' Forrest" (Bobbs-Merrill), and, coming down to a later day, Margaret Axson Elliott added a charming footnote to history in her "My Aunt Victoria and Woodrow Wilson" (University of North Carolina), A sister of the first Mrs. Wilson, so much younger as to have been a contemporary of her daughters, Mrs. Elliott made her home with the Wilson family from childhood until her marriage. Her book is a portrayal of Wilson as family man and friend and has particular interest now as amplifying the picture drawn in the screen play, "Wilson." A historical survey of entirely different sort, but also full of lively material, is Nancy Wilson Ross's saga of pioneer femininity, "Westward the Women" (Knopf), which, like Mrs. Elliott's book, deals with one facet of a large subject. Noteworthy among historical biographies in the non-American field were Will Durant's illuminating "Caesar and Christ" (Simon & Schuster), far more Roman than Christian in its incidence, C. V. Wedgwood's "William the Silent" (Yale University Press), and "The Dream of Philip II" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Edgar Maass.

Among literary biographies there stand out particularly among American works, Van Wyck Brooks's "The World of Washington Irving" (Dutton), less a life in the critical sense than the reflection of an era; Catherine Drinker Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus" (Atlantic Monthly Press), a chronicle of three generations of the Holmes family, with the Chief Justice assuming priority in importance, projected against the background of their periods, and Joseph Wood Krutch's "Samuel Johnson" (Holt), in which to the knowledge which Boswell made current is added the findings of later research. Altogether delightful in the charm and skill of its writing, and full of color, is an English autobiography. Osbert Sitwell's "Left Hand, Right Hand" (Little, Brown), while hardly a biography in the formal meaning of the term, but rather a succession of episodes and desultory reflections, filled with allusions to persons and places, is G. B. Stern's latest volume in the series covering the recollections of her life, "Trumpet Voluntary" (Macmillan).

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Ironic Opportunity

BUFFALO COAT. By Carol Brink. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 421 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

THREE doctors came in the 90's to Opportunity, in Idaho Territory, drawn by the promise of its name. Willard Hawkins was the first to come: vigorous, ruthless, skilful, and kind, he got what he wanted—a free hand, and an exciting sense that anything might happen. Constant Duval, a gentle, introspective Frenchman, hoped to master in a new country the weakness which had almost destroyed him in the old world; he found the strength to return and face what he had fled. Hugh Allerton, cool, resolute, and just, left England because he wanted independence and freedom and these he, too, found. All attained not only their private objectives but also that financial success and place in the community symbolized by owning a great buffalo coat to wear through the bitter winters.

And yet for each there was irony in the name of Opportunity, since the lives of each there ended in a major tragedy. Hawkins was shot by an insane boy whose life he had saved; Duval's child died by the same shot; Allerton, married, yet in love with another woman, killed himself and her.

Still more than by the lives of the doctors, the irony of Opportunity is exemplified by the life of Jenny Walden. They as newcomers believed in the freedom of Opportunity; but she had been born there and she knew that, free as it seemed, it was fettered fast by self-imposed rules. From the time when as a small child she set out in a blizzard to walk to San Francisco, she always wanted to escape. Failing, she became a cheap and strident small-town rebel, obviously looking for trouble; yet she rose to her full possibilities as soon as she found in Allerton a worthy object for her love and energy. But opportunity would not permit her even this escape; so that death seemed the only way out.

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Cruising Under Sail

CLIPPER SHIP MEN. By Alexander Laing. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 279 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

MR. LAING has written a very interesting book on the subject of the evolution of the design of the American clipper ship, the most successful ship which has been—or ever will be—planned to cruise under sail. I wish, for his own sake, that he had not presumed to be patronizing in the way he writes of Captain Arthur H. Clark's splendid book, "The Clipper Ship Era," which was published in 1910, and has been the bible of everyone who ever tried to describe that amazing period of American ingenuity. I happen to have known Captain Clark quite well when he was the representative of Lloyds of London in New York. To me he always stood as the best symbol of the American master, who was of that rare type who housed their topmasts when they were rounding Cape Stiff, and who tried not to ask more of flesh-and-blood than ordinary men could stand. I shall never forget Captain Clark's description of passing the *Sovereign of the Seas* in the northeast trades, with every possible inch of canvas spread, moonrakers topping skys'ls and royals: "I have seen beautiful women, and beautiful horses, but I never saw anything as beautiful as that ship."

Mr. Laing's contributions to the story of the clippers is his sound and expert analysis of the way in which the clipper design was evolved, partly from economic circumstances, but mainly as the result of the synthesis of the application to the philosophy of speed under sail of the ideas of a group of straight-thinking men. He focuses his discussion upon the ideas of four men—Captain Nat Palmer, who was a ship master, not a designer or builder; John Willis Griffiths, a designer rather than a builder, whose share, or perhaps I should say contribution, has never been fully appreciated up to now; Samuel Hartt Pook, and the incomparable Donald McKay, a son of Nova Scotia, who lived to hang up twelve of the pristine records, of thirteen, of American sailing ships. We have clippers of the skies today, which reel off miles at a rate which makes the clippers of the 1850's seem pedestrian; but I wonder if any pilot of the air has ever experienced quite the thrill that was the privileged Captain Lauchlan McKay—Donald's brother, and one of the greatest skippers who ever lived—when, at noon

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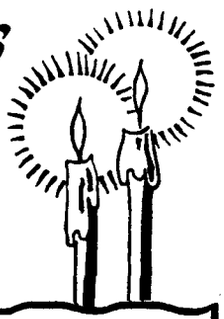

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on March 17, 1853, he realized that the *Sovereign of the Seas,* for the first time in history, had logged more than 400 knots [sea miles] in twenty-four hours.

If I might say so, I wish that Mr. Laing had appreciated more fully the effect upon the clippers' speed records of the device of raking the masts, which had a profound influence upon the capacity of their tremendous sail area. Even Captain Clark, as I remember, did not appreciate this, perhaps because the sailing masters of his generation always had advocated the raked mast in an instinctive realization that it tended, in his words—after it was suggested to him—to "scoop the wind into the sails." After all, this is the primary factor in mechanized flight: the upthrust of the air under the wings of the plane. The early Baltimore clipper schooners employed this device, and I think Mr. Laing errs again in failing to emphasize the profound influence they had on hull and sail design a generation before the true clippers appeared, under the stimulus of the California and China markets.

This is a beautiful little book, well-illustrated and thoughtfully written. It ought to stimulate Americans to remember that their ancestors, a century ago, were thinking as expertly in mechanics and dynamics as the creators of our vehicles of speed today. In ten short years, between 1850 and the outbreak of the Civil War, we dominated the seas of the world. We can dominate the skies and the seas again, if we choose to.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt, No. 76

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

If You Are Stuck: *The clue below the cryptogram will give you the definition of one word. Answer to No. 76 will be found in the next issue.*

NGAQXALXQT MXQV QVB FPEQ XE AGQ P OLQT XQ XE GAYT P ABNBEEXQT.

—GYXRBJ M. VGYZBE.

Clue: Fourth Word: A synonym for BYGONE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 75

NEITHER ROSES NOR HYACINTHS SPRING FROM THE SQUILL, NOR IS A HIGH-SPIRITED CHILD BORN OF A BONDWOMAN. —THEOGNIS.
—ELEGIES.

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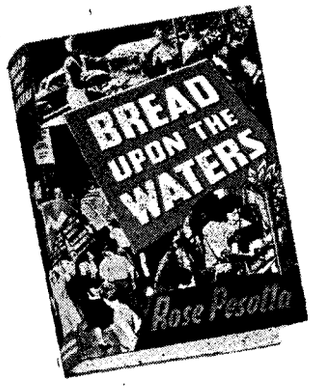

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Mr. Four-Star

GENERAL IKE. By Alden Hatch. With photographs and maps. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1944. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

ONE chilly day last September the reviewer stood under the Arc de Triomphe listening to General Eisenhower broadcasting to the people of liberated France. Even at a distance of a few feet it was the Allied Commander-in-Chief's sincerity that seemed most impressive.

This sincerity helps to explain why his appointment to the Supreme Command was a matter on which the United Nations were completely united. It is basic to what the conservative *London Times* calls "his gift of drawing together officers of diverse nationality and professional training into a harmonious brotherhood, thereby generating a spirit of comradeship which has been communicated to all the ranks in the field."

"General Ike" himself radiates comradeship. Inspecting a destroyer one cold, rainy day, he saw that the sailors wore no protection against the weather. Stripping off his own raincoat he declared, "I'll be damned if I'll wear a coat while I inspect men who aren't wearing 'em."

There was nothing of the theatrical about this or the scores of man-to-man gestures that enliven "General Ike." It is simply that the Supreme Commander is a naturally friendly man. On D-Day—1 he spent most of his time chatting with the troops, asking "How many bushels do you get to an acre?" or "Where did you get that haircut?" Small wonder that from the far side of the field lonely soldiers called out "Hey, Ike, come over here!"

Mr. Hatch has made of this biography a pleasant, sentimental, truly American story, semi-fictionalized for livelier interest. It is a story that abounds in ironies and paradoxes. Until well into World War II General Eisenhower—the soldiers' general—had seen very little service with troops. He is the only Commander-in-Chief in our history who came up through the staff. All the others were field officers. He did not get overseas in World War I. In 1924 when he was anxious to attend the General Staff School he was ordered to coach the Third Area football team. The following year he was assigned to recruiting duty. Significantly enough, when he did get to the Staff School, he was graduated first in his class.

In 1927 when the Battle Monuments

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"The stuff of the novelist is in her."—*New Yorker*

"Her writing has the freshness of youth, but a vigor and maturity beyond her years. She writes with breadth and concreteness, and, even more uncommonly, with humor, about events that are momentous for both the East and the West."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"The novel has charm and strength. Lin Taiyi has depicted a striking character in her heroine, a feminist, a modernist, who is more than a match intellectually for most men, and beautiful as well. More than all this, she has given us a picture of a new age in China."—*Chicago Sun Book Week*

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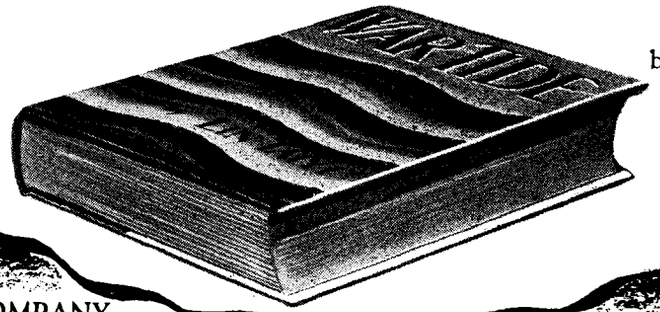

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Commission decided to publish "A Guide to American Battlefields in Europe," it was Major Dwight D. Eisenhower who was sent abroad to prepare it. In 1940 when France fell the fifty-year-old Regular Army officer was just another lieutenant-colonel, a rank he had held twenty-two years earlier in World War I. Yet it took him only a year to rise from colonel to three-star general.

Mr. Hatch features the amiable Kansan's modesty, honesty, democracy, industry, and studiousness. He plays up the great strategist's diplomacy, his skill in choosing his aides, his flair for tactical surprise, his brilliance in playing a long shot against the enemy. Even if these characteristics do not per se explain the military genius of General Eisenhower, they help vitalize and humanize the portrait of an extraordinary leader of men. "General Ike," incidentally, serves as a vivid review of the United States' role in the European war.

POEMS from the Desert

BY BRITAIN'S 8TH ARMY

With a Foreword by

GENERAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY

K. C. B., D. S. O.

Stay with me, God. The night is dark,
The night is cold: my little spark
Of courage dies. The night is long;
Be with me, God, and make me strong.

I love a game, I love a fight.
I hate the dark; I love the light.
I love my child; I love my wife.
I am no coward. I love Life . . .

I'm but the son my mother bore,
A simple man, and nothing more.
But—God of strength and gentleness,
Be pleased to make me nothing less.

Help me, O God, when Death is near
To mock the haggard face of fear,
That when I fall—if fall I must—
My soul may triumph in the Dust.

"TWENTY-SIX of the twenty-seven poems which go to the making of this little collection are those which were considered to be the best entries received in a poetry competition organized by Eighth Army's Education Officer . . . It was open to all members of the Eighth Army, but only poems actually written in the Western Desert were to be submitted . . . The twenty-seventh poem [*quoted, in part, above*] has a unique history. Written on a scrap of paper, it fluttered into the hands of a soldier sheltering in a slit trench, during the battle of El Agheila."

—From General Montgomery's FOREWORD

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'Tenshun!

SITUATION NORMAL . . . By Arthur Miller. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1944. 179 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
CORPORAL MAURICE BASSECHES

YOU would hardly expect to find one of the most important books about America and the war in the notes of a virtually unknown young movie writer to his Hollywood producer; but that is just what happens in this unheralded little volume.

"Situation Normal . . .," then, is a story within a story. Lester Cowan, the producer, wanted "GI Joe," his picture based on the columns of Ernie Pyle, to be the true account of America's ground soldiers; one that was free of flag-waving and film cliches, one that our fighting men themselves could see with belief and pride. For the script he hired a twenty-nine-year-old New York playwright who was unspoiled by the traditional Hollywood treatment of the war. Then Mr. Cowan got permission from the War Department to send Mr. Miller through several army camps in this country for authentic raw material.

"Situation Normal . . ." is a bundle of notes compiled by Mr. Miller as he watched and talked to American soldiers as inductees, infantrymen, tankmen, paratroopers, and officer candidates at work and at ease in places like Fort Dix, Camp Croft, and Fort Benning. This may seem like old hat at this stage of the war, but Mr. Miller more than compensates for this with a fresh eye, keen mind, and an uncommon writing talent. He has thought about America's role in the war and the uniformly unsuccessful efforts of the movies to make plain its meaning.

> You cannot make a true picture of this war until you make up your mind as to what this war is about. And the reason Hollywood has not made up its mind is that the American people have been carefully prevented from making up their mind. . . . Whether the war ends tomorrow or continues for five more years, it is the bounden duty of the movies—the most powerful means of mass education and miseducation—to make some sense of this war. Because this war will be with us for many years after it is over. And when Father Coughlin or Gerald L. K. Smith once more take to the radio with *their* explanations, I will appreciate it very much if I have at my disposal several facts about this war which are widely known and believed; and the movies are the best way to make facts known and believed.

Mr. Miller, then, is attempting in one film, "GI Joe," nothing less than

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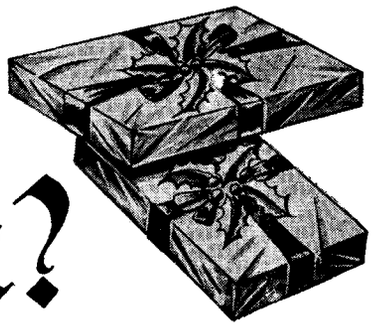

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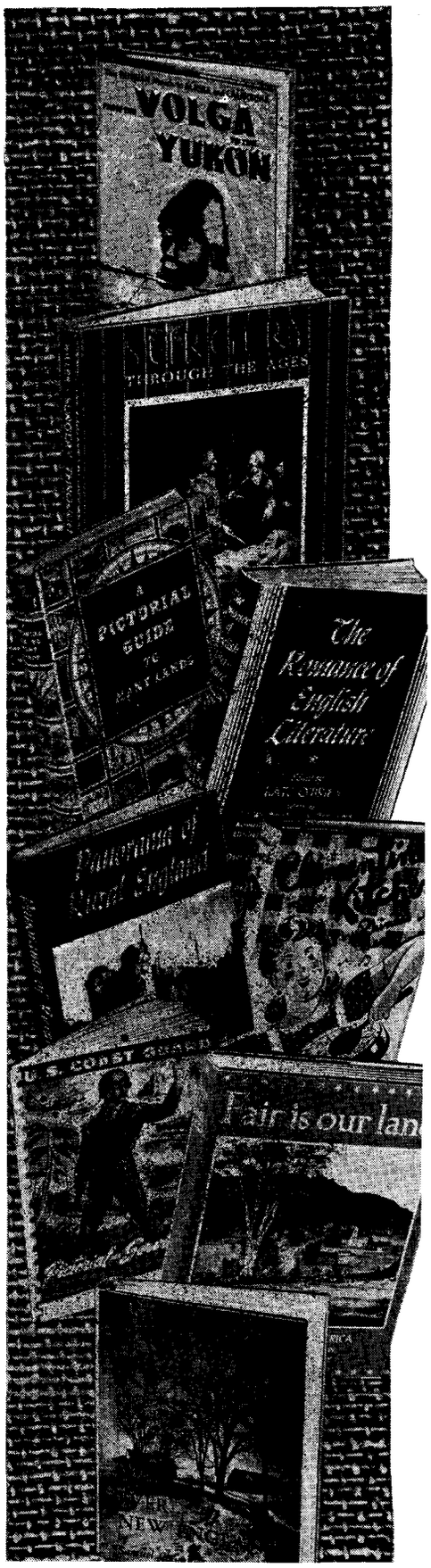

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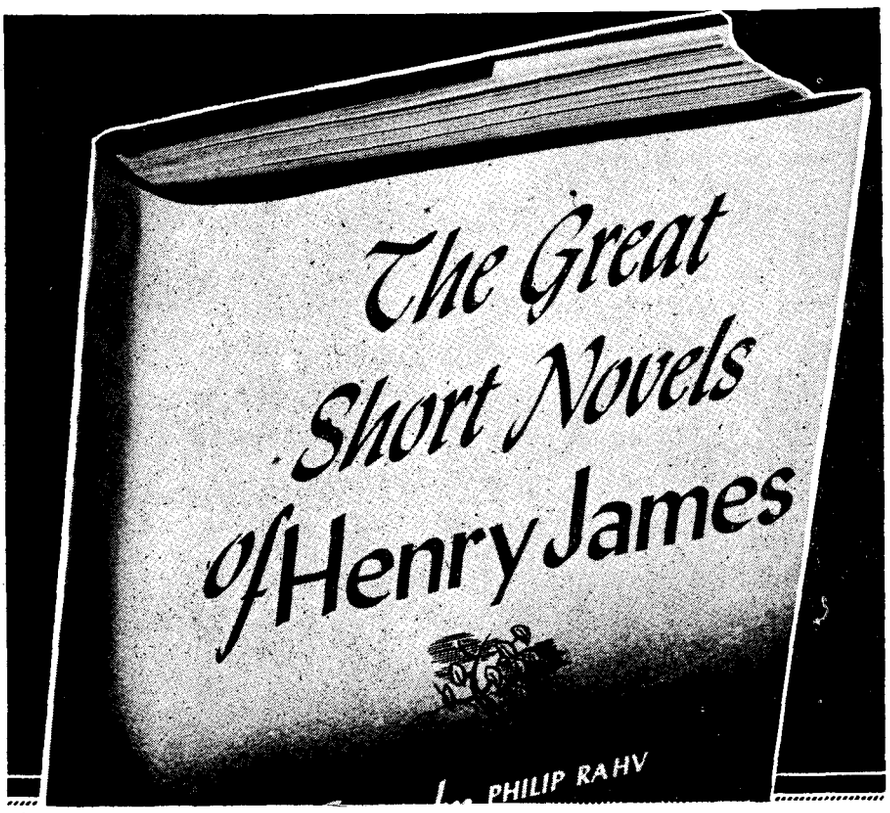
the job all our writers and educators should have completed by now: making all Americans, inside the army and out, understand that this is a war of democracy against fascism and that in a variety of ways it must be continued with as much vigor after the last gun is fired over Tokyo as it has been since the first one blasted Pearl Harbor. This aspiration may be more than any one picture and any one writer can hope to realize. However, if Mr. Miller succeeds in writing, and Mr. Cowan succeeds in producing, the kind of movie that is envisioned in "Situation Normal . . .," they already will have achieved tremendous good.

Meanwhile, those phases of Mr. Miller's report that deal with his own and our soldiers' thinking on the aims of this war deserve careful reading. Most pertinent at this date is the section that poses the problem of the returned veteran, based on a vivid and moving story of a rifleman back from the jungles of New Georgia. Important as it now is for the entire nation to understand the nature of the current conflict, Mr. Miller notes, such knowledge and its daily practice will be crucial when we must welcome back our discharged fighters.

These men will have gone through a hell that none but their buddies can ever comprehend. While they were in action they were sustained by a consuming loyalty to their unit. Mr. Miller's question: "To what is GI Joe going to attach that loyalty when he comes home?" Will it be to a native rabble rouser? Will it be to a shirt of fascist hue? Or will it be to a democracy that believes in itself and wants to work better, and for more and more people?

As a soldier myself, I believe that most veterans will find enough in family ties and personal problems to absorb their energy and emotion. Unless the country as a whole responds to a native fascism neither will its veterans.



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Authors and Publishers of Books Listed on Page 15

Listed by Two or More Reviewers

"Caesar and Christ," by Will Durant, Simon & Schuster.
"A Bell for Adano," by John Hersey, Alfred A. Knopf.
"The Sad Sack," by Sgt. George Baker, Simon & Schuster.
"The Leaning Tower," by Katherine Anne Porter, Harcourt, Brace & Co.
"America," by Stephen Vincent Benét, Farrar & Rinehart.
"My Country," by Russell Davenport, Simon & Schuster.
"The World of Washington Irving," by Van Wyck Brooks, E. P. Dutton & Co.
"War and Peace," by Leo Tolstoy, Modern Library.
"A Walk in the Sun," by Harry Brown, Alfred A. Knopf.
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"Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," by Rebecca West, The Viking Press.
"Brave Men," by Ernie Pyle, Henry Holt & Co.
"Cluny Brown," Margery Sharp, Little, Brown & Co.
"Everybody's Political What's What," by Bernard Shaw, Dodd, Mead & Co.
"No Mean City," by Simeon Strunsky, E. P. Dutton & Co.
"The Man in the Shower," by Peter Arno, Simon & Schuster.
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"Strange Fruit," by Lillian Smith, Reynal & Hitchcock.
"Lee's Lieutenants" (3 vols.), by Douglas Southall Freeman, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"Joseph the Provider," by Thomas Mann, Alfred A. Knopf.

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"A Century of Hero-Worship," by Eric Russell Bentley, J. B. Lippincott Co.
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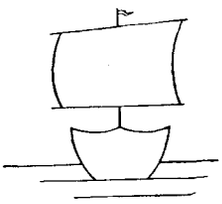

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The Phoenix Nest

MAURICE LÉON of Dublin Road, Irvington-on-Hudson, tells me he found in *La France Libre,* a fortnightly published in London, in the issue of September 15, the following poem by an R. A.F. man, obviously a Norwegian, who was lost during a raid on Berlin. He incloses his own English version. "Just before reading it I had heard of the tragic end of the son of a French friend of mine, a young surgeon who had joined a regiment of Free French paratroopers who landed in Brittany. He was betrayed to the Germans by French traitors and the Germans executed him. The poem fits his case perfectly."

THE BEST

(A poem by Nordahl Grieg, who was lost on an R. A. F. raid on Berlin.)

Death at times resembles Summer lightning.
In a livid, muted flash, we behold
More keenly the order of destinies:
The Best are the ones who fall.

The hearts intrepid and pure,
Those who exacted more, who dared more,
Have taken leave without a word,
One after another have gone West.

The living lead and govern.
There are always enough of them,
These indispensables, these men so capable,
Second-best men who hold on to life.

The best die in prison,
They are struck down by shots, by waves.
The best do not build the future.
The best give themselves by dying.

Shall we, in a holy tribute,
Speak fine, hollow phrases,
Betraying thus the best
By a bitter derision?
They have no use for our regrets.
They would survive in our pluck and faith.
They wish that in the hearts of the brave
Their blood shall go on flowing.

To have known them in very truth,
Each of us feels himself richer.
Men, these were our friends;
Children, you are their heirs.

The earth is fuller because of their passage.
They will revive in other beings.
And we shall engrave on their tomb:
"The best do not depart from us."

Mrs. Sheldon Potter writes me from "Little Wise," Georgetown, Maryland:

> Your paragraph in a recent Phoenix Nest took me back forty-five years to when I was a small girl eight years old—notice how casually I give my age in the cause of research. I lived then in Philadelphia and was the proud possessor of just such a toy theatre as you describe. I think I had more than one play, with "book adapted to the above," but only remember the script, characters, and scenes for "The Sleeping Beauty." My theatre had a pasteboard arch on a wooden frame and slots for the "actors," but I also have a hazy recollection of two or three different backdrops, a curtain that rolled up and down and bits of scenery that fitted in side slots and made "wings" where the "actors" could wait for their cues. Perhaps mine was a later model. I have four grandchildren, and in some years of buying toys have never seen anything like my old theatre. I imagine the "Movie Projectors" of different kinds take its place for this new generation. Even ten years ago my sixteen year old daughter was overcome by the fact that she could be moved to tears at a "stage play." Eva Le Gallienne in "L'Aiglon," no less! I am an inveterate auction hound and if you are interested in acquiring an old toy theatre I imagine I could find you one—but in time!—at one of the country sales hereabout. . . . I wonder if you know your Donne well enough to guess where my husband and I got the name for our house, and perhaps why?

I should indeed be interested, if the price did not outstrip a poor columnist's purse! I do know John Donne's "The Triple Fool," which ends, "Who are a little wise, the best fools be." To tame his grief of love he "fetters it in verse," but then

Some man, his art and voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain;
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.

The poem begins, of course, by the poet's declaring himself two fools, "for loving, and for saying so in whining poetry."

Browsing over Donne again, I came upon his great verse upon the whale in "The Progress of the Soul":

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voices, when the air they tear.
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof.
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea; and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

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(*Continued from page* 18)

the open counter of a book store under the impression that he is getting something exactly as represented has no legal complaint or redress if it turns out that he is mistaken, even though the author and publisher have conspired to deceive him. Like the bidder at an auction where there is no special "warranty," he buys "as is." And save under exceptional circumstances, there can be no special warranty, for what bookseller could be expected to guarantee the accuracy of every statement put forth in his printed wares?

The housewife who attends an advertised sale of "silk" stockings is not content unless by fingering them or otherwise she satisfies herself that they are not *ersatz;* neither—to invoke a *reductio ad absurdum*—does the circus goer who is barked into a side show have any real kick coming if the "bearded lady" turns out to be a man. One who purchases a literary work is not in the same category as the buyer of labeled canned goods, or as one who at a restaurant orders terrapin and finds to his distress that he is eating stewed mouse.

Why should Mr. Linet or anyone else complain if, whether out of diffidence or sheer deviltry, I pretend that an autobiography, which is seventy-five per cent true throughout and one hundred per cent accurate as to historical fact, is that of another than myself? As was pointed out editorially in the *Hartford Courant* for May 18, 1944, "there has never been any law against the perpetration of a hoax in literature. Those able to read, and those at all interested in literature, are well content to enjoy such mild and literary deceptions. Both the author and the reader are, by the traditional canons of literature, permitted to have a little fun. If Mr. Linet has ever read any other books, or if he has a sense of humor, he would know that his 'case was closed' many years ago in the lines of Rudyard Kipling:

. . . 'When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell or make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road
An' 'e winked back the same as us!' "

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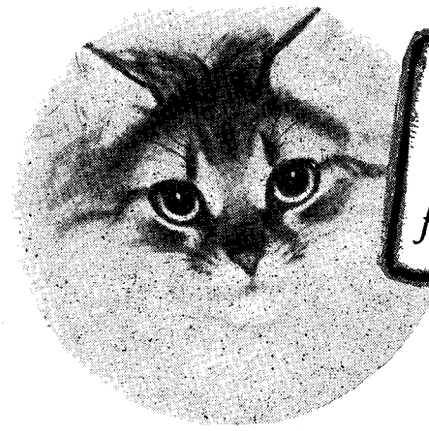

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The Crostics Club

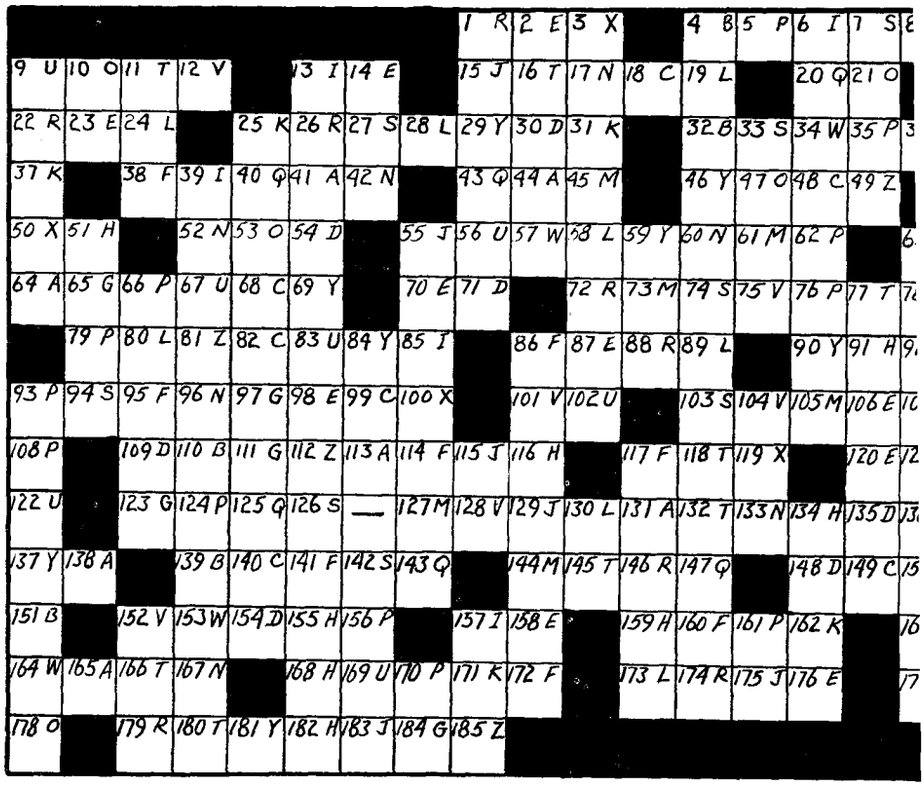
BY now "Invitation to Double-Crostics," with a Foreword by Norman Cousins, the new book I concocted at the request of the *SRL* to meet the needs of DCers in the early stages of the game, should be in the stores. Although it is intended primarily for those cutting their first teeth, and hence contains some more familiar quotations and simpler vocabularies, it is graded toward the end for molars. At any rate, I think it would be fun for the molars to try it if only to see how far they have progressed since childhood. We had hoped that Series No. 17 for our "Regulars" would also be out for Xmas. However, with all the "ills publishers are heir to" in these days, its publication has been necessarily delayed until early next year. The *SRL* at our last conference were considering a sort of promisory-note-order-scheme for those who were expecting it for this season. If you feel aggrieved at this situation, as I confess I was at first, just look into the November 11 issue of *Publishers' Weekly* wherein you will read that the great E. P. Dutton & Co., having exhausted their 1944 supply of paper, in fairness to the public have asked The Blakiston Company to take over the further publishing and distribution of no less than Van Wyck Brooks's "The World of Washington Irving." Incidentally, I wonder if any of you thought as I did until this month that *Publishers' Weekly* was for the trade only. Well, it isn't and I subscribed to it this week.

To make room for my P.S. in my column of Nov. 18 the last sentence about Professor James G. Leyburn was inadvertently omitted. It should have announced my pride in that he wrote me last year of his pleasure in our DCs.

A pleasant call from John Newberry this week left me the richer by a tidy sum to spend on DC Series for men in the Armed Forces who are interested in doing DCs. The anonymous gift of an Iowa business fan had been exhausted. The latest letter from one in the Service came from Charles D. Reid, Lieut. Col., Med. Corps, stationed at Camp Luna, New Mexico. He writes:

"I started to write to you once, long ago, when I saw the name of my old medical professor, Dr. Barker, as a protestant about the difficulties in one of your DCs. I thought at that time after the delights of sitting through his polysyllabic lectures—he never used a little word if he could find a toughie—that he ought to be the One Man who would never object to some one else getting a trifle complicated. But I never wrote that letter. More power to Dr. Barker! . . . I haven't found one yet I couldn't eventually break. In these busy Army days there isn't too much time for relaxation. It's a privilege to escape into the 'deeper parts of the sea' with the 'White Huns' and even an 'aramatic' word. Keep 'em coming.'"

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 558

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 35 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Pertaining to the sense of cold.

B. A kind of felony under the law.

C. Duke Vicentio as a friar in "Measure for Measure."

D. A card game like newmarket but more elaborate.

E. An irrevocable Turkish decree countersigned by the Sultan (Hist.; comp.)

F. Prominent American Mormon leader (1807-98).

G. Famous horse-racing week in June in England.

H. Soft chinaware made in England (1757-1802).

I. Fishing or coastwise trading boat (India).

J. The sum total; a whatnot (now rare).

K. First name of English actress (1847-1928).

L. One of Kipling's "Soldiers Three."

M. American lawyer and statesman (1818-1901; Sec'y. of State, 1877-81).

N. German writer known as "Jean Paul" (1763-1825).

O. King of serpent race (Hindu Myth.)

P. Excessively forceful.

Q. Pertaining to the element constituting about ⅘ of the atmosphere.

R. Siege in Jewish revolt vs. Romans (67; in which Josephus was General).

S. Most unlike.

T. Australian-American pianist and composer (1871-).

U. Excess; redundancy.

V. Novel by Sinclair Lewis.

W. English adventurer to America (1610; "Newes from Virginia").

X. Site N.E. of Verdun, scene of battles of 1916-17.

Y. Series of fights in Civil War (May 5-6, 1864; Lee vs. Grant and Meade).

Z. Promontory; headland; cape.

WORDS

64 44 131 107 165 138 113 41

110 32 4 139 151

140 99 68 149 48 136 18 82

109 71 63 54 148 154 30 135

2 106 **120** 70 177 158 23 176 87 98 **14**

38 160 114 141 172 95 117 86

123 111 184 65 97

159 168 155 91 **116** 182 134 51 78

85 39 13 6 157

129 15 115 183 55 175

171 37 31 162 25

89 28 130 58 80 173 24 19

45 105 127 73 144 61

17 133 96 42 52 167 60

178 53 10 21 121 47

35 66 5 124 161 108 170 76 79 62 156

147 20 43 143 40 125

179 88 1 146 72 174 22 26

74 27 126 142 94 33 103 7

150 180 132 77 145 16 166 118 11

56 67 9 83 122 169 102

152 104 128 101 36 75 12

153 57 34 164

50 119 100 3 92

163 8 46 90 59 29 84 69 137 181

81 185 112 49

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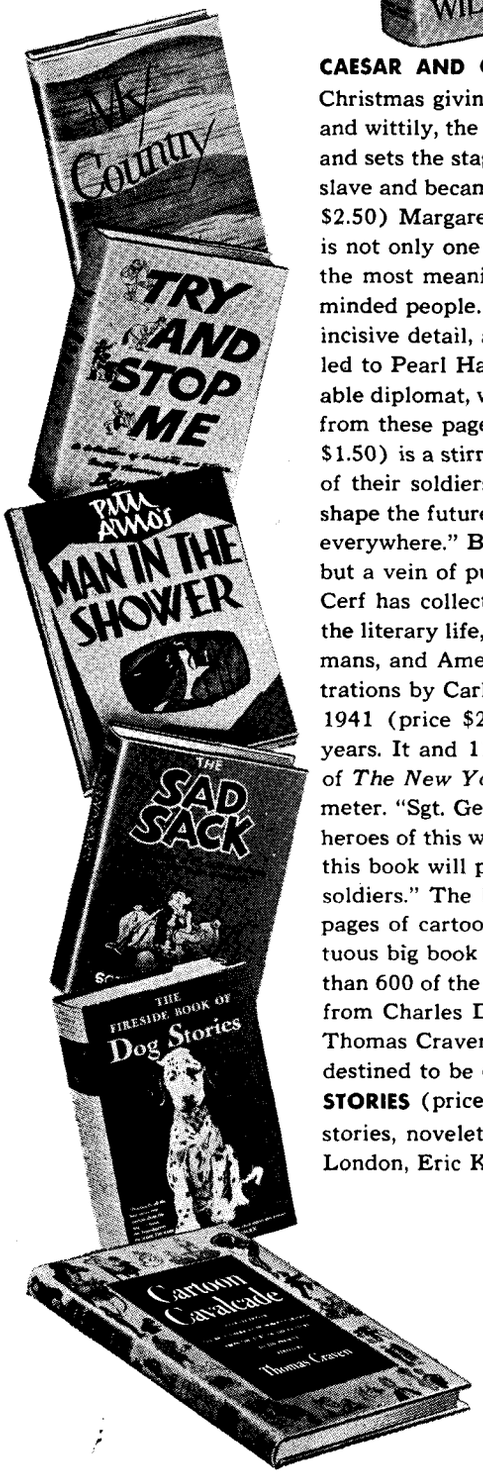

CAESAR AND CHRIST, by Will Durant (price $5.00) is a superb volume for Christmas giving. In 786 pages and 40 pages of illustrations, it surveys, brilliantly and wittily, the whole Roman scene: art, literature, economics, war, politics, morals; and sets the stage for the story of Christianity, which began as the Roman Empire's slave and became its sole heir. In **SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE SOLDIERS** (price, $2.50) Margaret Halsey neatly takes the hide off prejudice and intolerance in what is not only one of the season's wittiest and gayly humorous novels, but also one of the most meaningful—an arsenal of ammunition to answer the arguments of race-minded people. Ambassador Grew's **TEN YEARS IN JAPAN** (price $3.75) tells with incisive detail, and for the first time, the full story of the conflict and intrigue that led to Pearl Harbor. In addition, says *Newsweek,* "the portrait of a shrewd, tough, able diplomat, who was also a kindly gentleman with a dry sense of humor, emerges from these pages." 65th thousand. **MY COUNTRY,** by Russell W. Davenport (price $1.50) is a stirring poem of America—a plea for Americans to heed the silent voices of their soldiers fallen in battle—a vital testament of faith in America's power to shape the future and lead the nations of the world into "the brotherhood of all men, everywhere." Bennett Cerf's **TRY AND STOP ME** (price $3.00) is in a lighter vein, but a vein of pure gold for people who love anecdotes and stories of all kinds. Mr. Cerf has collected the best stories about the movies, the stage, Broadway, sports, the literary life, as told by the Woollcotts, the Dorothy Parkers, the George S. Kaufmans, and America's best-known purveyors of unshredded wit. 100 hilarious illustrations by Carl Rose. **MAN IN THE SHOWER,** Peter Arno's first cartoon book since 1941 (price $2.50) takes its name from the funniest Arno cartoon to appear in years. It and 114 other Arnos (the majority of which appear with the permission of *The New Yorker*) are good for hundreds of direct hits on the top of the laugh-meter. "Sgt. George Baker's **THE SAD SACK,"** says *The New Yorker,* "is one of the heroes of this war, endlessly buffeted by fate and constantly hot-footed by man, and this book will probably make him as much of a favorite with civilians as he is with soldiers." The book (price $2.00) is a sort of autobiography of the Sack in 254 pages of cartoons. 80th thousand. **CARTOON CAVALCADE** (price $3.95) is a sumptuous big book that should make any Christmas a lot more merry. It contains more than 600 of the funniest American cartoons from the gay '90s till now, by 176 artists from Charles Dana Gibson to Tad to Webster to John Held, Jr. to George Price. Thomas Craven has contributed a scintillating text. And finally, a book that seems destined to be doggedly constant Christmas favorite, **THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES** (price $3.00) edited by Jack Goodman, containing 591 pages of the best stories, novelettes, and essays about dogs, by great writers such as Kipling, Jack London, Eric Knight. Introduction by James Thurber. 331st thousand.

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